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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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OUR HIGHWAYS.

FOR some time past it has been evident that steps would have to be taken to equip our high roads for the modern traffic, which has undergone so great a development during the last ten or twenty years. All our greatest roads were constructed at a time when no one dreamed of any motive power beyond that of horseflesh, and the introduction of steam and other driving engines is in the way to effect a revolution in road transit. For this reason close attention should be directed to the report of the Departmental Committee appointed by the President of the Local Government Board to enquire into the subject of Highway Authorities and Administration in England and Wales. It is a very clear, business-like document, and though it does not cover the whole of the ground, indicates many directions wherein salutary changes might be effected. For example, it is pointed out that the mileage of the roads of all classes which are maintained by many of the District Councils, both urban and rural, is very small, and it is not reasonable to expect that these bodies can do their work as well as the Highway Authorities. The latter, having the charge of large districts, are practically obliged to employ first-class road surveyors, and, by making large contracts for the supply of material, they are able to get better terms. On that account, the Committee recommends that the District Councils should cease to exist as Highway Authorities, and that their duties should be taken over by the County Councils. Unfortunately, it seems that this proposal is likely to meet with vigorous opposition from the District Councils, who put a high value on their highway duties. How far this local sentiment should be humoured it is difficult to say at present. Uniformity will never be gained in roads, but it is an ideal to aim at, and where there is multiplicity of authorities we may be very sure that there will be an equal variety of roads. In regard to the main roads the case is different. All the witnesses who appeared before the Committee agreed that their state had much improved during late years. The complaints made were directed chiefly against the want of uniformity which

prevails and the excessive cost of main roads repaired by the Urban District Councils. The Committee agrees that much damage has been caused to the road surface by excessive watering and the use of unsuitable binding materials, which tend to spoil the road and form dust and mud. The latter is a consideration of increasing gravity, because of the growing use of rubber-tired vehicles. "Skidding," with its attendant dangers, is stated to be likely to occur at points where the material of which the road surface consists is abruptly changed. The question of excessive expense is a very difficult one, and for the present we shall leave it, though at no distant future it is likely to demand in an urgent manner the attention of the Legislature.

We can only take one or two points raised in the report and glance briefly at them. One of these is the effect produced by tramways and light railways. The presence of these on a road of inadequate breadth is stated to be "the principal obstruction to the free passage of other vehicles upon such roads, and the main cause of the insufficiency of road accommodation which at present exists." In making arrangements in the past it is evident that the Authorities have not given full weight to the interests of free traffic. The Committee holds that permission should not be given to erect tramlines except where there is free room for a loaded waggon to pass on either side. It is pointed out that tramways and light railways are run for commercial reasons, and it is only just and fair that in the return for the privilege accorded to them the promoters should take the expense of making the roadway as convenient for ordinary traffic as it was before their construction. The Committee recommends that Parliament should provide that no tramway or light railway should be erected except where the road has a minimum width of thirty-three feet. Where the traffic is great, even this width would not be sufficient, so that this is really only suggesting a line of action, but it would be better for each case to be considered on its merits. The attention of the Committee was directed by several witnesses to the great damage caused to road surfaces by the use of locomotive engines and waggons, especially in wet weather or the breaking up of a frost. The suggestion is that the Highway Authorities should have power to stop the movement of locomotives in such conditions of weather, but, of course, the difficulty lies in finding officers who are capable of deciding when the roads have been rendered unsuitable for the passage of locomotives. The alternative is that Highway Authorities should be entitled to recover from the owners of those engines damages for any injury to roads caused by their passage under exceptional conditions of weather. Another interesting point dealt with by the Committee is the protection of roadside wastes. The rapid growth of motor and other quick traffic increases the importance of these wastes, and Mr. Birkett, on behalf of the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society, has put forth a suggestion, which the Committee adopted. It is that (1) the County Courts should be empowered to settle the question of what land forms part of a highway or the waste of such highway, on the application of the Highway Authority, or of a specified number of ratepayers. (2) The summary jurisdiction given to Justices by Section 51 of the Highway Act, 1864, should be made applicable to the whole highway and to the roadside waste.

Such are the main suggestions brought forward by the Committee. The only complaint likely to be made against them is that they do not go quite far enough. During the past summer the question would have been brought much more vigorously to the front except for the prevalence of so much wet weather, because the British public never gets excited until it is made uncomfortable, and the extraordinary rainfall has laid the dust to perfection; but in a hot summer, if the present rage for motoring should continue to grow, it is evident that the roads will be almost impassable by reason of the thick clouds of dust that each of these vehicles leaves behind it. The evil might be very much lessened if a method could be adopted for securing uniformity in the highway. That is one point on which attention should be concentrated at the present moment, and we have no doubt that the change could be carried out if vigorously set about. We argue just as much in the interests of motorists as in those of others who use the road. Most of the irritation that has been so freely expressed against the owners of motor-cars is due to the inconvenience caused by the frightful dust that their vehicles leave behind them. If this could be removed, a great step would have been taken towards the popularisation of the motor-car.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Gwendolen Guinness, the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Onslow, who married the Hon. Rupert Guinness, the eldest son of Lord and Lady Iveagh, on Thursday, at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.



MR. A. J. BALFOUR, the Prime Minister, explained to an audience at Sheffield that the delay in filling the vacancies in the Cabinet had arisen from a desire to include Lord Milner, who, however, at the end, preferred to retain his administrative post. On Tuesday the resignation of the Duke of Devonshire was published. He gave as his reason the Premier's speech at Sheffield, the tone and tendency of which he described as adverse to his own principles. At the same time it was announced that Mr. Balfour had succeeded in filling up the other vacancies in the Cabinet. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, as was generally expected, has been appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer. The portfolio of the Colonies has been given to the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton. The new Secretary for War is Mr. H. O. Arnold-Forster, while Mr. Brodrick goes to the India Office. Mr. Graham-Murray succeeds Lord Balfour of Burleigh as Secretary for Scotland, and Lord Stanley is made Postmaster-General. The appointments have given rise to much discussion in the papers, to which the correspondence between the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Balfour has also contributed. The most impartial politician must find it difficult to see the trend of the new political movement.

Without trespassing on the domain of politics, it is permissible to express the regret that will be felt on all sides that the Duke of Devonshire should have considered himself obliged to quit the present Administration. His position in the country is unique. He is no orator, nor particularly gifted with the brilliant attributes that have carried other men into fame, and his influence is due to character more than to ability, although ability of a certain kind he has in abundance. But while as Lord Hartington he led the House of Commons, he commanded the respect of his opponents as much as he did the allegiance of his friends, and during those years when Achilles sulked in his tent, he suffered the heat and burden of the day with courage and steadfastness. When Mr. Gladstone brought forward his ill-omened Irish Bill, Lord Hartington bore with him as far as possible, as one unwilling to injure a former colleague. At the end, nevertheless, he was forced to resign, and brought with him to the Conservative side the moderate Whig section of the Liberal Party. On several occasions he has been offered the Premiership of Great Britain, and has, with inviolable loyalty, refused the honour. Here we pronounce no opinion as to the merits of the doctrines held by him with unshaken tenacity during between thirty and forty years of public life; but there is no Administration that would not have been poorer for his loss, and we well understand the regret that Mr. Balfour has frankly expressed.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain's reply to the deputation which appealed to him the other day for the introduction in this country of the "cash on delivery" parcels post system, made it quite clear that he himself looks upon it favourably, though now as Chancellor of the Exchequer he must leave his successor at the Post Office to act. One powerful interest which is dead against this useful innovation is, of course, that of the railway companies, but their point of view, though perfectly natural, is not one which they can expect to have consulted when a considerable public convenience is at stake. Anything that helps to break down their carefully-built-up monopolies in the transit of goods is an unmixed benefit. A more substantial obstacle is the opposition of the country shopkeepers, who are apprehensive lest the introduction of this system should throw a good deal of the trade at present theirs into the hands of their rivals in the big towns. But there seems really no reason why they should not profit by it to a fully equal degree. Its working in Australia, indeed, is said to have been distinctly in their favour.

A Parliamentary Return has been issued showing the working of the Small Holdings Act of 1892, and it must be adjudged

very disappointing reading to those who based any hopes upon that measure. During the ten years, that is to say, from 1892 to 1902, the total quantity of land acquired for small holdings is less than 570 acres for England, and only 83 acres for Scotland. In England only eight counties have taken advantage of the measure, and in Scotland only one. This represents so slight a movement that the passing of the Bill is not justified, because one of two things must be true. Either there is no demand for small holdings, or this Act does not work properly. The former contention will not hold, because private owners of land have experienced a greatly enhanced demand for small holdings during the period in question, and many of them have done their utmost to satisfy it. We are therefore compelled to fall back upon the inadequacy of the Act, to account for this state of things. The general complaint has been that the conditions by which small holdings can be acquired are too difficult, and a thorough revision of this Act would confer a benefit upon the labouring part of the population, and earn for Lord Onslow their gratitude if he should be the means of getting it done.

AT THE COMING OF THE WILD SWANS.

By loch and darkening river,
Above the salt sea-plains,
Across the misty mountains
Amid the blinding rains,
In fierce or silent weather
The wild swans southward fare,
The wild swans swing together
Through lonely fields of air,
Crying *Honk, Honk, Honk,*
Glugulú, ullalú, glugulú,
Honk! Honk!

The sea-mew's lonely laughter
Flits down the flowing wave,
The green scarts follow after
The surge where cross-tides rave:
The sea-duck's mellow wailing
Floats over sheltered places,
And southward southward sailing
Go all the feathered races. . . .
When the swans cry *Honk, Honk,*
Glugulú, ullalú, glugulú,
Honk! Honk!

White spirits from the Northland,
Grey clan of Storm and Frost,
Wind-swooping to the Southland
From icy seas blast-tost. . . .
Wild clan of sons and daughters,
A welcome, now you are come
When all your polar waters
Are frozen, white, and dumb! . . .
Crying *Honk, Honk, Honk,*
Glugulú, ullalú, glugulú,
Honk! Honk!

FIONA MACLEOD.

One of the most lamentable signs of our time is the increase of lunacy, to which attention has been called in the latest report of the London County Council. The facts are indisputable, but the reasons for them are more difficult to find. A number of specialists have been asked their opinions, and have freely given them, yet we do not seem much further forward than before. Vice will, no doubt, cause madness, but vice has been always with us, so has drink, and imprudent marriages—that is to say, the union of diseased people—form no new phenomenon. We quite understand that these influences might maintain the number of insane people, but they would not account for the increase. The only new factor in the situation is that the stress and worry of town life is every year being intensified. Not only are our cities much larger, but the means of communication are so quick that life is made into one continual rush, and the rest that was compulsorily obtained before, owing to the slower means of locomotion and the absence of immediate means of communication, no doubt had a beneficial effect. Those who live in great communities must recognise, as the very basis of the plan on which their lives are drawn up, that rest and leisure are absolutely essential to the health of the brain.

Our contributor, Mr. Walter Rye, writes asking that some attention should be directed to the vandalism committed by the Dean and Chapter at Norwich. He complains that they have pulled down a flint wall, 600 years old, and erected a row of red-brick villas, which "form a terrible eyesore, and constitute a bad foreground to the Cathedral behind them." They allow the "precinct wall opposite St. Helen's Hospital" to be used as an advertising station, "and an ugly corrugated zinc fence still

abuts on the west front of the Cathedral." These are only a few of the grievances he brings forward, but they are sufficient to show that those who should be most zealous in preserving the beauties and antiquities of the fine old town of Norwich have been most neglectful of them. Mr. Rye is quite justified in making a public protest. If old walls and old houses are once destroyed there is no possibility of replacing them, easy though it may be to sweep out of existence the red-brick villas erected in their stead. We trust the authorities will give prompt attention to this timely warning.

Canada is every year becoming a more and more formidable competitor to the English farmer, but one never seems to take hay as one of the products that he has to fear, on account of the difficulties of carriage, etc. Few have any idea of what an important matter the Canadian hay crop is. It has been calculated that the crop runs from 200,000 to 300,000 tons per year. A dozen years ago there was practically no hay shipped abroad from Montreal, while now the annual output through this port will run up to 25,000 tons. Ten thousand tons of this is shipped to foreign countries, while 15,000 tons goes as fodder for cattle being shipped abroad from Canada. Not only has Canadian hay been shipped home to this country, but to Germany and Belgium, and last year a considerable quantity found its way to Sweden—not going direct, however, but being reshipped from British ports.

If the vocation of the satirical verse writer had not gone somewhat out of fashion, a theme made to his hand would be found in the transformation of the Lyceum Theatre into a music-hall. Taken as an indication of London taste, and that is really what it comes to, it is very significant. To the bulk of the population the turns of singers and acrobats are more welcome than the stately and most intellectual acting of the age. This really points to the real cause of the decadence of the stage. It is not in the lack of men who could write what is called the literary drama, nor is it to the blame of that much-maligned individual the actor manager, but rather in the general taste for lightness and frivolity, that the cause is to be looked for. When people could go to the theatre and listen for hours to a Hamlet or a Macbeth, then Hamlets and Macbeths were provided, but now the theatre-goer does not take the histrionic art very seriously. He wants nothing more than a rest, a distraction and a laugh, after the worry and fever of the day, and buffoonery serves the purpose perfectly, while those that love serious art stay at home and read old books. Such, at any rate, appears to us to be the moral thrust upon us by the fate of the Lyceum Theatre.

In *Nature Notes* for October Mr. Walter Johnson lifts his voice in lament for the decay of county characteristics. We are all getting mixed together now, and localities are losing their peculiarities. At least, that is true to some extent, but it is easy to exaggerate the magnitude of the change. It may not be true, as one writer says, that "Cheshire born, Cheshire bred, strong i' th' arm, weak i' th' head," but Northumberland is still hasty and hot, and the Yorkshire man still deserves the name of Tyke as much as ever he did. Of course, many nicknames do not refer so much to character as to legend. Moonrakers, we thought, were the Wiltshire men, though Mr. Johnson locates them in Hampshire. The Nottingham lamb, the Norfolk dumpling, the Kentish nut, the Lincolnshire yellow-bellies, represent nicknames growing more or less obsolete, and nobody now would concur with Dr. Johnson's representation of our most western county, "O Cornwall, barren, wretched spot of ground."

We are afraid many of the good characteristics have faded. Essex, for instance, is not fuller of "good housewives" than another county, nor have we heard that Middlesex is full of "strifes," or that Kent people are "hot as fire," and Sussex "full of dirt and mire," but one abiding feature is due not to accidental peculiarities of character, but to the scenery. We think of Gloucester from its woods, and Hampshire because it is woody, and, of course, intimately associated with these is the character that has been stamped by local writers. Tennyson has left us an immortal Lincolnshire; George Eliot's scenery is nearly all Midland; and, of course, the Northern Counties carry their impress in the lines of the old poets. These are really the most abiding impressions of our counties.

The order recently issued in Alderney prohibiting the manufacture of explosives on the island illustrates one of the rare dangers to which land is exposed. The order followed, and was the result of, an official enquiry into the deaths of a number of cattle that had perished apparently from grazing the pastures. In the viscera of the dead animals traces of mercury were found, and in many meadows and grazings the grass was impregnated

with this substance. Its presence was attributed to the explosion at a factory in which fulminate of mercury was made. It occurred on September 10th, when the wind was blowing a gale, which scattered the mercury far and wide over the pastures. This is one of those untoward events beyond the reach of foresight, but if the enquiry had not been made, probably the mysterious deaths would have been attributed to some strange disease, and thus led to the darkening of men's minds.

Mr. Stevens, the auctioneer, deserves every credit for refusing to include in his sale the eggs of British birds taken illegally, and contrary to the whole tendency of modern feeling about rare birds. But even so, a recent sale showed the culpable greed of the collectors of "British specimens" in an odious light. A whole clutch of the eggs of the Cornish chough, taken on the West Coast of Ireland, and five nests of the St. Kilda wren were sold, and more than a score of their eggs. The St. Kilda wren is one of the most interesting examples of a deviation from an ordinary type occurring in a very remote island. Scientific naturalists who can compare (in the drawers of the Natural History Museum) specimens of wrens from every place where they are found, say that there are others of like plumage elsewhere. But, in any case, the bird differs from the wren of the mainland, and collectors, who like to see new and rare species "established," are ready to purchase the eggs. It is said that the nest also differs from that of the other wrens. The few Welsh kites, the Cornish choughs, and the dotterels are certain to disappear while the rage for robbing their nests continues. Protection is never really efficient while it is only enforced at rare intervals and after prosecutions, the issue of which is uncertain.

The Devonshire rivers have been fishing well all through this last, or still present, season, especially the rivers of the south of Devon, and showing something like their old sport with brown trout, peal, and occasional salmon. We heard some years ago of measures being taken for the improvement of the Dart, certainly one of the most beautiful of rivers, whatever its merits from the angler's point of view. Even if these measures had been fully carried out, it would not do perhaps to give them all the credit for the improvement in the angling, which, moreover, has not been confined to the Dart, but has been shared by the rivers generally of that West Country. The continual freshening of the water by spates of more or less magnitude, and the fact that the migratory fish had the good caprice to be ready to take advantage of these conditions and to come up the rivers, are no doubt the principal causes of the improvement that has made the fishing in the West Country seem almost like old times come again. The more recent rains have had a very good effect on the coarse fishing all over the South of England. They came just at the time when the water was running too low and clear.

THE HARVEST MOON.

Your hand's on the banded barley, your heart's in the lifted sheaves,
You light for the leaving swallow his last trip home to the eaves.
In the dawn and the drifting twilight you silver the dews to foam
As you beckon the gleaners onward or follow the last load home!

You've a kiss for the reddening apple, a kiss for the leaf grown sere—
Not a dead leaf drops from the beeches but you have stood by the bier!

You have laughed with the gay wind passing and wept with the
brooding mist,

You, who are crown to the jewelled town and a ring on the wood-
land's wrist!

You are only a silver circle that floats on a ribbon of blue,
But a thousand men shall be turned again to a love-tryst under you!
You are only a sign of the harvest, a seal on the summer's grave,
But yours is the power of a witching hour that the summer never
gave!

WILL H. OGILVIE.

There was an unfamiliar sight to be seen at the ploughing match of the South Berks Agricultural Association last week at Aldermaston, in the shape of a light-wheeled plough drawn by a pair of donkeys. They were entered by their owner to illustrate the usefulness of these animals for the cultivation of small holdings, and they plainly showed by their performance in this competition that farmers on a limited scale would be well advised to employ them a great deal more than is so far general. Such an entry, it is stated, and it may be believed without much difficulty, is the first that has appeared in the fifty years' history of this association; and it is significant of the way in which a willingness to experiment with new ideas is gaining ground in country districts that the innovation excited a great deal less ridicule than genuine interest and attention.

The more than national, the Imperial, importance of the Alaskan boundary question, on which the Commission is at present sitting, is a little apt to be overlooked by the Briton in the stress of a new fiscal policy and with the

echoes or the Near Eastern question dinning hideously in his ears, but it is not at all overlooked by our cousins in Canada, to whom yielding the American claims would mean shutting them off from their Pacific seaports. If it were for nothing else, this Commission would be noteworthy for the extraordinary seven days' speech of Sir Robert Finlay, the Attorney-General, who was briefed for the Canadian side. The very name of a seven

days' oration can hardly fail to suggest some prolixity, and yet the comment upon this speech, a comment made by one whose criticism was given with peculiar authority, was that "not a point was missed and not a minute wasted." There is no question but that it was an extraordinary effort, the occasion itself an extraordinary one, and a great lawyer found who was fully equal to it.

THE GLEANERS.



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A HARVEST SCENE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

HERE October has arrived after months of rain and storm that have been only a mockery of summer. Even in the south of Great Britain blackened stooks may still be seen standing among blackened stubble, and in the North the ingathering does not look as if it would be completed at all. A pitiable sight it is to see grain, that might have been food for man, rotting in the fields or being devoured by sparrows and wood-pigeons. Little as we depend on home produce, the failure of the harvest spells hardship to a large number of people during the coming winter. Incidentally it has

led to a revival of gleaning, that had almost ceased during the past few years. Three decades ago it was still a common

practice, because the wheat was dear, and the reaper and the horse-rake had not yet come into general employment. And the practice is as old as Ruth. By an unwritten law the "submerged tenth" of the country districts have for ages laid claim to certain products of the soil. Where they go about innocently, and without doing wilful damage, it has been the custom of good-natured owners to yield them a tacit permission, knowing as they do how close is the struggle



F. Parkinson.

PREPARING FOR WINTER.

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for a livelihood with those who, to paraphrase the words of Juvenal, are ever within four or seven fingers' breadth of starvation. "Gathering sticks" or collecting blown wood for fuel is a privilege as old as gleaning itself; as old as Good King Wenceslas, who looked out "when a poor man came in sight gathering winter fuel"; older still, if anything is to be inferred from the legend that the man in the moon was banished to that cold altitude for "gathering sticks of a Sunday." Wild fruits and berries, too, used to be laid under toll to supply the cottage larder. Of them the most important is the blackberry. Near London and other large towns it is picked in large quantities for sale to the greengrocer, and in this way yields some useful earnings to those "whose hoards are little," whether their hearts be great or no. In the country, particularly where gardens are small or devoid of fruit trees, it is gathered to be made into

for the garden. As no charge was made for grinding beyond the miller's "mouttar," or multure, there was no expense that was felt. This could be done in but few places now, because scarcely any mills are left, and those in existence are too large and important to bother about such tiny batches as the gleaner could offer. All the same, there is more need than ever for grain in the cottage. The labourer has taken far more than was his wont to the feeding of poultry, and where the food has to be bought, he finds it difficult to make the business pay. But if he can feed his chickens with the waste of his table eked out by the proceeds of his children's gleaning, then nearly all he gets is pure profit. Even where, as in some villages is the case, those who keep poultry combine to buy food by co-operation, the cost is a matter of serious concern to those whose wages do not average more than 15s. or 16s. a week. In such

a position the sober, honest man who has a family to provide for must count every penny before he spends it, and make every use of such small opportunities as come in his way.

Luckily, no hardship is involved. Of nearly all work it may be said that it would be unbearable if at least three-fourths of it were not pleasure. Children never dislike to be sent gleaning. It is better in their estimation than sitting at a desk in school. And they are right. Boys and girls suffer from too much schooling, and spend far more time than is good for them on tasks of rote and memory. But out on the grey stubbles there is instruction of a different kind. Though the wind is touched with the poignancy of autumn, it has not the bitterness of winter, and has something reviving in its freshness. Leaves are colouring in the woodlands, but have not yet fallen. Red poppies and white marguerites flaunt bright colours on the field. Hips and haws begin to glow on thicket and hedgerow. Now

is the time when the hunter's bugle is heard in the morning, and the young hounds bustle the cubs, and among the turnips are sportsmen after the partridges. All of these provide a certain excitement to the gleaners who are not tied too strictly to their voluntary task. Then there is the lunch of bread and meat and cold tea, eaten out of doors like a picnic, and supplemented with such nuts and berries as can be gathered in the nearest hedgerow. All this is a pleasant relief from the deadly routine of the school-room. It is also a capital time to make acquaintance with the natural inhabitants of brake and fell, because when the corn is cut they have fewer places to hide in. The hare comes limping over the bare stubble, and at their wild holloa gallops off furiously for a distance, but only to squat and look back as if he knew full well their powerlessness to injure him. Gorgeous pheasants emerge from the spinneys to claim their share of the corn and to forage for acorns beneath the oak. Wood-pigeons, fat with the grain they have stolen, coo among the trees as if making pretence that spring had come again. Smaller birds, gathered into miscellaneous flocks, alight on the fields, or squabble and chirp at one another in the hawthorn. Who could help enjoying it all? And if the children are poor,



F. Parkinson.

BEGINNERS.

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dumplings, or mixed with something else to make jam for the coming winter. At any rate, it provides many a rich feast for the village urchin. The children go in bands, boys and girls together, and make the woodlands ring with merry laughter coming from lips stained with the rich red juice. They used also to gather the crab-apples, which, though too bitter for even the country boy's unfastidious palate, are capable of being made into an excellent jelly. Mushrooms, again, are looked upon as a natural product that the poor have a claim to, though the farmers have of recent years questioned their right to wander in pursuit of them. Certainly they have reason on their side, since many of those who go out in search of mushrooms take no account of any damage they may do, but disturb stock, leave gates open, break down fences, and ignore generally the fact that they are trespassing on ground whereon a livelihood has to be made. The best compromise is that visitors from towns who have no claim on the district, but raid it for the mere purpose of picking up what can be turned into money, should be excluded. On the other hand, he would be a curmudgeon indeed who exacted his legal pound of flesh from a frugal, decent servant or his womenfolk and children, who only wish to add a little to the slender resources of the cupboard.

So with the gleaners. They are usually the poorest of the poor, more often than not the widows and the fatherless. It is distress that makes "poor Mary" impatient "her little blue apron to fill with the few scattered ears she can glean," and how sad is the well-known lullaby

"When I am weary and old and worn,
You shall go gleaning among the corn!"

To speak practically, it is not for their own direct wants that the gleaners are generally solicitous, but the pickings are invaluable for the uses of the cottage livestock. A generation ago it was otherwise. The "singles," which were the handfuls tied with straw below the ears, were gathered for food. They were what is called in the North "bittled," that is, the grain was knocked out with a wooden club that served the purpose of a flail, and the corn was sent to the miller to be ground, while the straw was kept to bed the pigs with, and thus be turned into manure



F. Parkinson.

NOW FOR HOME.

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they are as yet unconscious of the fact, and, therefore, indifferent to it. They were born so, and not until later will they eat of the tree of knowledge and enter upon the cares and regrets and miseries of life.

But the picture is not altogether pleasant. Among the gleaners are older people who have been driven to the field by sheer necessity. Many are unfit for the task, and are conscious of little except aching backs and weary limbs. They have been in the battle of life, and have emerged worsted and beaten. Fear of want and of the workhouse is in their hearts, and with it the bitterness that comes from age and disappointment. For them the most we can do is to understand, and, if occasion serves, stretch a helping hand. Their life is in the past. The future holds only a few more years, or, it may be, months, of toil and sickness, and then comes he whom in youth they dreaded as an enemy, but in age recognise for a friend. He touches their lips, and for ever their warfare is ended.



F. Parkinson.

POOR MARY.

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Mathematics and lecture. Walk with Anstice. 'Ethics,' finished book 4."

The most interesting thing that he tells us about Gladstone's childhood is in the nature of an extract from what Gladstone calls "my first or maiden speech at the society." We give the opening sentence, as showing how in the schoolboy were latent the characteristics of the oratory of the future Prime Minister:

"Mr. President," it begins, "in this land of liberty, in this age of increased and gradually increasing civilization, we shall hope to find few, if indeed any, among the higher classes who are eager or willing to obstruct the moral instruction and mental improvement of their fellow creatures in the humbler walks of life."

Of great historical interest are the chapters dealing with his early days and politics, his connection with Peel, and the part he played in such questions as the introduction of Free Trade and the abolition of slavery. His private life at the same time was not free from anxiety, and the clearing of the Hawarden estate was going on simultaneously with his triumphs in Parliament. But these matters have all been related before, and it was quite impossible for the historian to do more than amplify them and add detail. No one who has an intelligent interest in political history is unaware of his gradual change from being the "rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories" to be the idol of the Radicals. The historical events, in fact, are too near to have been forgotten, but the interest of this book lies in the revelation of Mr. Gladstone's private thoughts, and the private circumstances that accompanied them. From 1868 onwards the story is a most fascinating one. Its development may be said to begin on his receiving a message from the Queen:

"On the afternoon of the first of December he received at Hawarden the communication from Windsor. 'I was standing by him,' says Mr. Evelyn Ashley, 'holding his coat on my arm while he in his shirt sleeves was wielding an axe to cut down a tree. Up came a telegraph messenger. He took the telegram, opened it and read it, then handed it to me, speaking only two words, "Very significant," and at once resumed his work. The message merely stated that General Grey would arrive that evening from Windsor. This, of course, implied that a mandate was coming from the Queen, charging Mr. Gladstone with the formation of his first Government. . . . After a few minutes the blows ceased, and Mr. Gladstone, resting on the handle of his axe, looked up, and with deep earnestness in his voice, and with great intensity in his face, exclaimed: "My mission is to pacify Ireland." He then resumed his task, and never said another word till the tree was down.' General Grey reached Hawarden the next day, bringing with him the letter from the Queen."

In all the history of the time Gladstone's relations with Queen Victoria will be found of extreme interest. With a great deal of mutual respect, there existed between them a certain antagonism, or, as Mr. Morley puts it:

"His own eager mobility, versatility, and wide elastic range was not likely to be the taste of a personage with a singular fixity of nature. Then the Queen was by the necessity of her station a politician, as was Elizabeth or George III., although, oddly enough, she had a bitter dislike of what she thought the madness of 'women's rights.' As politician, she often took views that were not shared either by the constituencies or by the ministers whom the constituencies imposed upon her. The Queen in truth excellently represented and incorporated in her proper person one whole set of those

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

IT is extremely unlikely that during the present publishing season any book will appear of so much importance as Mr. John Morley's *Life of William Ewart Gladstone*, three volumes (Macmillan). It is a document unique in English history. From whatever side Mr. Gladstone be regarded, it must be with the admission that his was one of the giant figures that dominate the Victorian era, and his life is written by one who played no small part in the history of his time. Whatever their other interests might be, both were primarily engaged in politics, and associated with all the great movements of the latter part of the last century. Naturally enough, Mr. Morley, in this *Life*, has allowed politics to take precedence of everything else. If the book were judged exclusively as a piece of biography it would not be difficult to criticise it adversely, especially the first volume. What was wanted here was not so much the gifts that Mr. Morley possesses plentifully—philosophic insight, learning, acumen, devotion to a leader and a cause—but imagination, humour, and fancy; something, in fact, of the novelist's gift. To understand the man Gladstone it would have been necessary to give a more intimate picture of the boy than is achieved by the multitude of facts and papers and diaries, used as if they were solemn official documents. They only cloud and weary the reader in the first volume. On one point, however, Mr. Morley clears the ground. While Mr. Gladstone was still alive it was a common and not ill-humoured gibe of his opponents that he seemed to have been born everywhere, or at any rate that he was English, Welsh, and Scottish in one. Mr. Gladstone's blood was purely Scotch. His father belonged to the family of Gladstones, Gledstones, Gladstones, or Gladstones, a Scotch tribe that cut a great figure in early history, but in the eighteenth century had been reduced to the position of maltsters. Thomas Gladstone, the grandfather of William, migrated from Biggar to Leith, and there set up as a corndealer in a small way. His eldest son, John Gladstones, established himself in Liverpool, and when his first wife died, married Anne Robertson of Dingwall, whose father was of the clan Donnachaidh, and her mother "sib" to the Mackenzies, Munros, and other Highland families. W. E. Gladstone, therefore, was of pure Scottish blood, and probably got his caution from the Lowlands and his fiery temper from the Highlands. So much for the ell of pedigree

without which, Sir Walter used to say, no Scottish biography is complete.

In regard to the childhood and college days of his hero, Mr. Morley is too minute. He is also extremely scrupulous, and thinks it almost "violating the sanctuary" to quote from a college diary, of which the following is an entry taken at random:

"May 13.—
Wrote to my mother.
At debate (Union).
Elected secretary.
Papers. 'British Critic' on 'History of the Jews' (by Newman on Milman). Herodotus, 'Ethics,' Butler and analysis. Papers, Virgil, Herodotus. Juvenal.

qualities in our national character on which the power of her realm had been built up."

As an example of what occurred between them, we quote the following:

"On the occasion of the Irish Church Bill of 1869, the Prime Minister sent to the Queen a print of its clauses, and along with this draft a letter, covering over a dozen closely-written quarto pages, in explanation. Himself intensely absorbed and his whole soul possessed by the vital importance of what he was doing, he could not conceive that the Sovereign, nursing a decided dislike of his policy, should not eagerly desire to get to the bottom of the provisions for carrying the policy out. The Queen read the letter and re-read it, and then in despair desired a gentleman practised in dealing with Parliamentary Bills, happening at that time to be at Osborne, to supply her with a summary. The gaunt virtues of a *précis*—a meagre thing where qualifying sentences drop off, parentheses are cut out, adverbs hardly count, the noun stands denuded of its sheltering adjective—were never congenial to Mr. Gladstone's copious exactitude in hypothesis, conditions, and contingencies."

If Mr. Morley, instead of writing a standard work of reference, had been engaged in the composition of an artistic epic, he would have brought into more striking contrast the two great antagonists who, as grey-haired veterans, fought the great battle, the Armageddon of the Liberal Party, in 1879. Lord Beaconsfield was beaten, but even Mr. Morley admits that he took it like a man.

"Lord Beaconsfield was staying alone at that time in the historic halls of Hatfield, their master being then abroad. There hour by hour, and day after day, news of the long train of disasters reached him. From one in confidential relations with him, and who saw much of him at this moment, I have heard that the fallen Minister, who had counted on a very different result, now faced the ruin of his Government, the end of his career, and the overwhelming triumph of his antagonist, with an unclouded serenity and a

Mr. Gladstone says in his diary that it was stated that Mr. Chamberlain coveted the Irish Secretaryship. To have given him the office at that time would have been to make a declaration of war against the Irish Party. On the other hand, Lord Hartington joined the Government of 1880 against his better judgment, and inspired mostly by a desire to avoid a cleavage in the party, but the dislike that he was taking to the politics of Mr. Gladstone meant not only his ultimate resignation, but the loss of that aristocratic Whig section which up to his departure had been a leading characteristic of the party. On his resignation taking place the Liberals were forced to rely permanently on the democracy. They were no longer Liberal in the old sense, but Radical.

In Mr. Gladstone's comments alike on books and men, there is a certain lack of penetration, which, in a large measure, accounts for the rupture that inevitably followed whenever he got a Cabinet together. All the same, his figure looms large in the history of his time, and Mr. Morley may be congratulated on having written a history not unworthy of his great theme. It contains so many important documents that have not previously been printed, that for years it must remain a storehouse of information for the political student.

We have no space for further comment, but must content ourselves with three quotations. The first is from a Boswellisation of Mr. Gladstone's talk:

"Mr. G.: 'But I have never advised any individual, as to whom I have been consulted, to enter the House of Commons.'

"J. M.: 'But isn't that rather to encourage self-indulgence? Nobody who cares for ease or mental composure would seek public life?'

"Mr. G.: 'Ah, I don't know that. Surely politics open up a great field for the natural man. Self-seeking, pride, domination, power—all these passions are gratified in politics.'



AFTER THE NESTING SEASON.

greatness of mind worthy of a man who had known high fortunes and filled to the full the measure of his gifts and his ambitions."

Mr. Gladstone was correspondingly elated. On April 12th, 1885, he wrote to the Duke of Argyll:

"All our heads are still in a whirl from the great events of the last fortnight, which have given joy, I am convinced, to the large majority of the civilised world. The downfall of Beaconsfieldism is like the vanishing of some vast magnificent castle in an Italian romance. It is too big, however, to be all taken in at once. Meantime, while I inwardly rejoice, I am against all outward signs, beyond such as are purely local, of exultation, for they are not chivalrous, and they would tend to barbarise political warfare. We may be well content to thank God in silence. But the outlook is tremendous! The gradual unravelling of the tangled knots of the foreign and Indian policy will indeed be a task for skilled and strong hands, if they can be found; and these can hardly be found such as the case requires."

Yet the old Greek proverb says, in the day of thy highest prosperity sacrifice thy dearest to the gods. In victory itself dwelt germs of the ruin that was to overtake the Liberal Party. The rift between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain already began to show. "He had never dreamed," Mr. Morley says, "of the Radical section being admitted to the Cabinet," and he was addicted to Peel's rule against admitting anybody straight into the Cabinet without having held previous office. However, at last he sent for Sir Charles Dilke.

"To his extreme amazement Sir Charles refused to serve, unless either himself or Mr. Chamberlain were in the Cabinet; the Prime Minister might make his choice between them; then the other would accept a subordinate post. Mr. Gladstone discoursed severely on this unprecedented enormity, and the case was adjourned. Mr. Bright was desired to interfere, but the pair remained inexorable. In the end the lot fell on Mr. Chamberlain. 'Your political opinions,' Mr. Gladstone wrote to him (April 27th), 'may on some points go rather beyond what I may call the general measure of the Government, but I hope and believe that there can be no practical impediment on this score to your acceptance of my proposal.'

In 1885 the rupture was rendered very nearly complete.

"J. M.: 'You cannot be sure of achievement in politics, whether personal or public.'

"Mr. G.: 'No; to use Bacon's pregnant phrase, they are too immersed in matter. Then as new matter, that is, new details and particulars, come into view, men change their judgment.'

"J. M.: 'You have spoken just now of somebody as a thorough good Tory. You know the saying that nobody is worth much who has not been a bit of a Radical in his youth, and a bit of a Tory in his fuller age.'

"Mr. G. (laughing): 'Ah, I'm afraid that hits me rather hard. But for myself, I think I can truly put up all the change that has come into my politics into a sentence; I was brought up to distrust and dislike liberty; I learned to believe in it. That is the key to all my changes.'

The second is from a private diary, the reading of which will well repay the student of Mr. Gladstone's life. It is interesting as giving a view of life as seen at eighty-seven:

"I visited Lord Stratford when he was, say, ninety or ninety-one, or thereabouts. He said to me, 'It is not a blessing.' As to politics, I think the basis of my mind is laid principally in finance and philanthropy. The prospects of the first are darker than I have ever known them. Those of the second are black also, but with more hope of some early dawn. I do not enter on interior matters. It is so easy to write, but to write honestly nearly impossible. Lady Grosvenor gave me to-day a delightful present of a small crucifix. I am rather too independent of symbol."

In the last one we see the veil lifted from a Cabinet Council, and Mr. Morley describes the Grand Old Man's final appearance in the Council Chamber:

"Mr. Gladstone sat composed and still as marble, and the emotion of the Cabinet did not gain him for an instant. He followed the 'words of acknowledgment and farewell' in a little speech of four or five minutes, his voice unbroken and serene, the tone low, grave, and steady. He was glad to know that he had justification in the condition of his senses. He was glad to think that, notwithstanding difference upon a public question, private friendships would remain unaltered and unimpaired. Then hardly above a breath, but every accent heard, he said, 'God bless you all!' He rose slowly and went out of one door, while his colleagues, with minds oppressed, filed out by the other. In his diary he enters, 'A really moving scene.'"

FROM THE FARMS.

WILL POULTRY-FARMING PAY?

A CORRESPONDENT, "F. E. C. H.," has written to ask us an old question. It is: Can poultry-farming really be made to pay as a profession? If so, with what breeds should he start, supposing that he has a capital of from £75 to £100 at his disposal? He also thinks of setting up in Suffolk, because in Sussex or Hampshire there would be too much opposition. We can only answer as we have often done before. Poultry-farming, if pursued by itself and depended upon as a means of livelihood, is likely to end in failure; at least, a genuine poultry farm never yet has succeeded. On the other hand, although a poultry farm will not succeed, farming for poultry has very great possibilities; that is to say, the primary use of the ground should be to raise crops or graze stock, but this can be done with a view to giving the greatest facilities for keeping poultry. The very essence of the craft lies in the art of keeping the ground fresh and wholesome, and there are only two methods of doing this. One is to change the position of the coops as frequently as possible; the other is to grow vegetation of some kind on the rank ground. In that case the plants thrive on what in time would poison the chickens. But poultry-farming without some sort of horticulture or agriculture has proved a failure. With the sum mentioned there should be no great difficulty in obtaining the requisite start, as good useful poultry are quite reasonable in price, and though they ought to be well bred, they need not come from prize strains. No better breeds could be used to begin with than Dorkings and Indian Game. The Dorking hens lay fairly well, and the cross produces an admirable bird for the table. In time, no doubt, our correspondent would find out if other breeds proved more suitable to his locality. Should he go to Suffolk, we would advise him to avoid the clays and seek the light, sandy soil. He ought also to think beforehand of the railway facilities, as much will be gained by his being able to send a regular supply of eggs and chickens to the London market. At the beginning, probably, he would send to a fattening establishment, but if anything considerable is to be made out of poultry, the sooner he can start to cram the better.



E. B. Eldridge.

A TEAM OF PUNCHES.

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SUFFOLK PUNCHES.

It would be difficult to imagine a finer and more spirited-looking team of Suffolk punches than are presented in our illustration to-day, and the picture has photographic merits as notable as its agricultural fitness. It is an ill thing to draw comparisons, and we shall not try to fancy how a team of Shire horses would have looked if the Suffolks were replaced by them. Probably the heavier Shire horse would pull better, but, on the other hand, the patrons of the East Anglian breed are well

entitled to claim for them the qualities of endurance and pluck. The clean legs are also a decided advantage in agricultural work, where "feather" is apt to collect a vast deal of mud, which there is no diligent groom to remove. The consequence very often is, we are afraid, that the horse is cleaned only by rough-and-ready methods, and the filth left about the legs sooner or later induces certain well-known diseases. We are sure that our readers, whatever may be their

particular fancy in regard to horses, will unite in admiring those which we have the pleasure of showing to-day.

OUR WINTER MILK SUPPLY.

The Marquess of Bath made some interesting remarks at Frome the other day, in the course of which he pointed out that the milk traffic from Frome Station had increased from 161,791 gallons in 1892 to 734,586 gallons last year. What has happened at Frome has also happened throughout the rest of the country, or, at least, that part of it which lies adjacent to the large towns. The Marquess of Bath appears to attribute this in a great measure to an increase in the supply of milk, but we fear this contention will not stand, because for several years past an actual diminution has taken place in the number of milch cows. What it does mean is, that milk to a greater degree than ever before is being carried to the town, while country places are left destitute of it. The ordinary farm labourer finds it very difficult indeed to obtain enough for his domestic purposes, and village children, taking them all in all, consume less milk than children brought up in towns. This regrettable fact in some measure accounts for the marked deterioration that has been visible for some years past in the offspring of the peasantry. But there is still another reason for the increase in the milk traffic. Butter-making, after having been tried in most of the farm districts, has been practically given up. The ordinary farmer knows that it is more profitable to send his milk to town



J. Craig Annan.

A LOMBARDY PLOUGHING TEAM.

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and sell it as milk, than to churn it at home and sell it as butter at 1s. a pound. In the one case he has a simple ready-money business at his fingers' ends, and in the other it is necessary for him to manufacture an article. In consequence the milk formerly devoted to butter-making is now sold to the town dairies.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE LARK'S OCTOBER OUTBURST.

ON October 2nd occurred that outburst of broken song among the skylarks which one has learned to expect just about then. Not that we can accuse the skylarks of absolute silence in any month of the year, but between the end of October and the latter part of January their voices are seldom heard. During that short period of hardening winter the sun may shine without evoking a single hymn to his glory from any of the little speckle-breasted brown birds that will fill the sky with reeling music at the least glimpse of his face in May. Opening by dribblets of half-hearted song in the last week of January, the larks' chorus swells in completeness and volume until May and June, when it reaches its high crescendo of shivering music. Through July, August, and September it dwindles more and more, not in quality of song, but in the strength of the choir, scarcely one bird rising in a morning to trill his solo, where before there were so many singing at once that you really could not hear the song for the singers—it was all one blurr of silver sound. Early in October, or sometimes at the end of September, however, comes a time when once more all the skylarks seem to have found their voices, and the fields resound with them, though now it is not often that they rise aloft quivering with the long-drawn ecstasy of song next to the fleecy clouds. Instead it is a jargon of short trills, with shrill notes that are almost squeals, that you hear as you watch the larks flitting hither and thither, often in couples, of which one is manifestly a pursuer and the other the pursued. By the end of the month even this half-music sinks gradually, but with frequent recrudescences, into the silence which is hardly broken during the next two months and a-half.

THE MEANING OF SPRING MUSIC.

Now, there must be a reason, a precise and particular reason, for each of these punctual and regular changes; and I think it can be found without difficulty by consideration of the habits of the bird; and, as rules which govern one bird can be applied, *mutatis mutandis*, to others, it may be worth while to give here what seems to be the obvious reasons for the skylarks' changes of song and short period of silence. At the end of January the approach of spring is in the air, and almost all living things of the Northern Hemisphere, man included, begin to feel its promptings. So first one skylark and then another, and another, begin to sing, telling their neighbours, but not as yet in very certain tones, that on that spot of ground above which they soar on quivering wings it is their intention shortly to have a nest of their own, which they will always be ready to defend against any other skylarks that may contest their claim. As the sun gains power and the signs of spring grow surer, every male skylark who can has established his right to soar and sing in a particular place, and to take his dust-bath with his wife at a certain spot. Great are the quarrels which you innocently cause at this season when, in your rambles, you scare one skylark, who was dusting by the path, into the domain of another.

SUMMER EMOTIONS.

By this time all the foreign skylarks which came over for the winter have, in obedience to the same instinct which prompted our resident birds to song, withdrawn from the cultivated fields and wastes which they had colonised in winter flocks, and have hurried to their Northern homes, where they will exactly repeat the same phases of summer music as our larks at home. For our skylarks' chorus continues for many weeks to swell in volume, because our own young birds of last year, which have been wintering somewhere in the South, return by degrees whenever the south wind whispers of their home, and, each winning for himself, if he can, a mate and a nesting site, adds his voice to the tumult of musical defiance that seems the very voice of summer. Slowly, as each pair of skylarks complete the cycle of their nesting cares and joys, the chorus dwindles, and only those birds which have had mischance with their nests remain in full song until they have retrieved it by a later effort.

"UNDESIRABLE ALIENS."

Before, however, the last defiance of the nesting lark has been uttered, a new cause of musical strife arises. As our own larks of the earlier broods are drifting Southwards, having no reason nor any encouragement from their parents to remain at home, so flocks of young larks from

further North are drifting into our fields. This it is which aggravates our resident larks into noisy protest, and it is generally at the beginning of October that the fields are filled with bickering. Everything which a lark says is musical in our ears, however. When you see him dwindling out of sight up in the sky, with the merlin, itself only a speck, following him, ring for ring, in the race of life and death, you can tell the deadly terror that he feels from the clear high music which comes shrilling down to earth even after the singer has become invisible. So when we hear at this season the snatches of song with which the air is sometimes filled, and see skylarks on all sides skimming and soaring above the fields, it does not follow that they have music in their hearts because their voices are musical. It is hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness towards the foreign interloper that they are trying to express.

MARTINS ON THEIR TRAVELS.

About the same time that the skylarks become noisy in the fields you will generally notice a great hubbub round the house among the sparrows and house-martins, and you will see that there are many more house-martins than there were on the previous evening. The reason is, that the same winds which brought the foreign skylarks have also brought many migrant martins from further North, and that these, having decided to halt where they saw a few of their kind still in residence, have caused a great disturbance by promiscuously investigating the accommodation which the nests under your eaves offer. In one or two belated pairs of martins are still feeding young; most of the others have been annexed by the sparrows. But the newly-arrived martins know nothing of this. They fly up to every nest in turn, and poke their heads in through the door. From some they are chased by indignant residents who have not yet vacated the premises, while the sparrows hold vicious indignation meetings in the neighbouring shrubbery, whence they are addressed by excited orators from the water-pipes. When it is a question of scuffling with a single pair of martins for the possession of a nest, the sparrow knows well enough what to do; but the sudden advent of this mob of foreigners looking for lodgings is too much for him. After a time the excitement subsides, and at nightfall all the foreigners find room somewhere, even if they have to squeeze eight in a nest; and you can hear them expostulating with each other for taking up too much room long after it is dark.

A MIGRANT BUTTERFLY.

With the foreign martins and skylarks this year there has been an unusually large incursion of miscellaneous small birds, including bluetheats, pied flycatchers, and ring ouzels, with, as always happens, a number of sparrow-hawks. The wild geese were, however, a day or two later than last year, though between themselves the grey-lag and the pink-footed observed their proper sequence. It would be very interesting to know why, just as the swallow is departing a few days in advance of the house-martin, the grey-lag goose is arriving just a few days ahead of the pink-footed goose. A more unusual feature of the migration season has been this year the sudden appearance of great numbers of Painted Lady butterflies. I think that I am right in supposing that these butterflies came over with the same wind which brought the birds, because, although the Painted Lady is admittedly a capricious and mysterious insect in the times and manner of its appearance, records of its sudden arrival in large numbers on September 20th came only from the Eastern Counties, from Lincolnshire to Kent—exactly the range, in fact, covered by the simultaneous immigration of small birds. E. K. R.

SWISS FLOWERS.

TO see Switzerland in her flower months is to lay up a store of vivid memories. In May, June, or even July, the loveliness of the flowers leaves an impression even more lasting than that of the peaks and valleys. Anyone who has not been in Switzerland in early summer might think the acres of white St. Bruno lilies or glowing alpenrose to be the outcome of a strong imagination.

But it is not so. There is a valley properly called the Blumenthal—the vale of flowers—in the Berner Oberland, where every Sunday, while the lilies last, men come from the Inter-laken hotels with huge baskets to gather them as, earlier still, they gathered yellow and white anemones. They come up the slopes and fling themselves down by their baskets, and so close are the flowers that I remember seeing one filled within half-an-hour, though the gatherer did but shift his



G. R. Balance.

LARGE PINK AURICULAS.

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position twice, and then only by a couple of yards at a time.

The flowers do not all grow in great patches or beds, but are scattered over the beautiful Alpine pastures. Up to the very edges of the snow the soldanella shows its little purple bell side by side with the orange and white crocuses. When they cease to blow they are followed by white anemones, whose seed-pods in time become balls of down with long horns of grey and mauve hair. Every seed has its hairy wing, and will in time be blown by the wind even as thistledown is blown on an English wold. As with us, the daisy spreads over the valleys like a white sheet,



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LARGE WHITE AURICULAS.

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rents are their laws of being; rent by the footstep they betray no harm." The crocus and soldanella never wait for the snow to pass from their heads, but burst up through it, and that on its retreating edges where the pressure is most ruthless. For every day the edges grow more thin, and every night the frost makes a despairing effort, so that half the day's growth and all the nightly growth of these flowers is through a layer of something little less inhospitable than ice. The crocus works his head clear, cased in a

tightly-rolled elastic sheath. It is little to the tender petals within that the sheath may be bruised or scarred; they are safe at rest, and not till the spike's head is clear of the enemy do they swell and burst, and discard their mother sheath. The soldanella, for all its modest drooping head, is little less careful. True, he bursts out while his petals are still touching the snow, but then he bursts downwards instead of upwards like the crocus. His head faces the snow, and when the little globular case, which contains the flower, opens, and the petals shake themselves free, their adventure aids rather than opposes the flower's consummation.

The flowers crowd upon every vacant place. Rock or scarp, pasture or rubble, deep soil or thin, each has its complement, pressing in where others fear to tread. The tiny white and mauve-veined anemones cling about the fringes of almost no soil, and wanton on the less lean slopes. Their bigger sulphur brethren prefer a richer diet, and cluster anywhere from



G. R. Balance.

SAFFRON ANEMONES.

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and beside it grow the giant larkspur and the delicate grass of Parnassus. Nor are the forms and shapes of these flowers less varied than their kinds and colours. Has not Ruskin described them with a wealth of words not to be dared by a plain mortal: "Star-shaped, heart-shaped, spear-shaped, arrow-shaped, fretted, fringed, cleft, furrowed, serrated, sinuated; in whorls, in tufts, in spires, in wreaths, endlessly expressive, deceptive, fantastic, never the same from footstalk to blossom; they seem perpetually to tempt our watchfulness, and take delight in outstripping our wonder"? And then, as he says in his other guise of master-observer, "their forms are such as will not be visibly injured by crushing. Their complexity is already disordered: jags and



G. R. Balance.

WHITE BUTTERCUPS.

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THE MILKWORT AT HOME.

the moderate to the rich soils. But narcissiflora, which loves to wander upon the face of the ground, casting its whorls and circlets of little rose-hearted flowers over stone and scrubby grass banks, chooses narrow ledges between rocks, and the steep face of shallow-soiled slopes, with an unerring instinct. Its own first cousin, in seeming, though not an anemone but ranunculus aconitifolia, bears flowers that are almost as those of narcissiflora in size, arrangement, and kind, but knows that the rich silt by the streams' edges is the place appointed for its delight. There you may find it, overshadowed by rue and giant buttercups, long male and sweet-scented orchids, huge ox-eye daisies, and other greater blooms, but content, for that is its proper home.

This is the order of the flower world—keep to your place and Nature shall keep you. In the valley woods, where waterfalls spray all the summer round, and the air is steamy, you may find the lily-of-the-valley, but the St. Bruno, with its five or six hanging and sweet-scented bells, grows on the barren slopes, or under the shadow of a wood, at high altitudes. Between the two, almost as if knowing that their colour must make them a prey to every passer, and that it is therefore well to live in places hard of access, other great orange lilies, like the Martagon and Turk's-head, cling among the tall pines

moisture and coolness in these fat and juicy petals against days of summer heats and drought when there is no rain and

and on the edges of the cliff. With them is the splendid yellow and chocolate orchis, which ruthless collecting and wanton uprooting has effaced from the Yorkshire dales within the last twenty years, and whose fate is already sealed in all the more frequented and accessible Alpine valleys.

See, too, how curiously varied, yet always with an end or cause in view, is the colour of the flowers. In the heart of the pine woods the alpenrose spreads a crimson and dull red carpet wherever a break in the branches lets in a ray of sunlight. Here also, but in the heart of all the shadows, hepatica raises a tender mauve or pale rose head, very delicate, and growing in the soft soil of decayed pine needles. Pyrola uniflora grows hard by, pure white, and with petals so thick and waxy as almost to seem artificial. But there is a reason. Pyrola loves the wood because it loves the cool and moist, yet also too much moisture is by no means a blessing. Therefore it stores



G. R. Balance.

WHERE THE CROCUSES GROW.

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the branches give no entrance to dew. And here sometimes you may also find that tenderest and most lovely flower which

Linnaeus, the father of all true botanists, named for his enduring memorial Linna borealis. Its home is in Norway, but it sometimes spreads its dainty bells over the fallen branches and the roots of a Swiss pine wood. Tiny rounded leaves and delicate bells hang like a score of rosy seed-pearls on a stalk as fine as hair. There is no mistaking this darling of Flora. It is to be found in one or two favoured spots in Scotland. Fortunately, it is so inconspicuous it has escaped the attention of the collector so far. Linnaea is delicate, and seeks the trees for shelter; in the rude competition of the outer meadows she would perish in an hour, as she perishes even while you gather her.

And now for the open hillsides and moist hollow places, the tops of the passes, and everywhere where the sun flames down unhindered. Here are the truest children of Switzerland, the gentians whom the sunshine has loved till they took the very blue of the skies. You may find a white gentian and one that is almost purple or bronze-green, but they are not the true ones. The true gentian is a star of purest



G. R. Balance.

CLOSE TO THE SNOWS.

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blue—the blue of a cloudless June. But gentian, too, has its poor cousins. They dress in many hues, tall spikes of pale saffron, bunches of rose or yellow, and—in their kind almost as true children of sun as the lords of the family—the great tawny orange spires, whose heart is the bronze that comes only of much warmth within and without.

Such and of such are the flowers which dwell in soil; but there are others, and they are neither fewer nor less fair, which cling and creep and sprout in places where the eye can scarce see place to dwell in. Here among the parched grass and loose stones nestles *Globularia nudicaulis*, little balls of pale blue, or yonder, where the ground is still rougher, *Polygala chamaebuxus*, impudently putting up his yellow and orange heads among the lichens and saxifrage and a thousand creeping forms whose heads scarce rise 2in. above the bed whereon they dwell. They toil not, neither do they spin, yet the gardens of kings have no such flowers as these—the *Fleurs des Alpes*.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE SEA BUCKTHORN.

NO shrub is happier by the seacoast than the silvery-leaved *Hippophaë rhamnoides*, or Sea Buckthorn. There are large groups of it in Lord Battersea's coast garden at Overstrand, the leaves glistening with colour in the warm September sun. It is a beautiful shrub for its leaves alone, but at this season and through the winter the shoots bend with the weight of orange berries, which cluster thickly together and give a warm glow to the garden in autumn and until the early spring. The Sea Buckthorn is a native shrub, but one of those good things that may be planted in the garden with excellent effect, and it should be planted also by the water-side. There is a mass of it by the pond facing the Palm House at Kew, and it gives colour to the place in the same way as that beautiful Willow, the orange-scarlet-stemmed *britzensis*. In many gardens the Buckthorn will not fruit, but the reason is simply this—the plants are males. One male form should be planted to about eight or a dozen of the female variety, otherwise there will be no fruit.

THE SCARLET LOBELIAS.

One of the chief glories of the garden in autumn is the scarlet Lobelia. Beds of it are full of colour at beautiful Blickling, where the gardens are a rich mass of hardy autumn flowers—*Calceolaria amplexicaulis*, late Phloxes, perennial Sunflowers, and Mme. Georges Bruant Rose, as thick with its large white flowers as in the month of June. But it is the Lobelia that gives just the right colour note, the stems standing up tall and straight from the dark-coloured leafy base, and lined with flowers of deepest crimson. The variety most planted is named *Queen Victoria*; it is remarkably strong in growth, and the stems will reach when the soil is suitable a height of 3ft. Firefly is another brilliant variety, more intense even than the other, and considered by many the more beautiful form. The pale-coloured hybrids are poor for decorative effect, though interesting for their variety of shades; but to plant them in the same free way as one would Firefly or the variety *Queen Victoria* is a mistake. It is not generally known that the perennial Lobelias delight in moisture. We have groups in the moist soil by a lakeside, and they are as splendid in colour as the gorgeous Flame-flowers. It is not wise in all gardens to leave the Lobelias out during the winter, as they are liable to a fungoid disease, which will quickly destroy the most healthy of stocks. Our practice is to lift the roots and transplant them to a cold frame, giving plenty of air, and transferring them to the places they are to fill in the following spring.

PLANTING BY SHADY WALKS.

Many opportunities are missed in gardens of bringing beauty to spots which are considered as places where nothing will grow. This is especially so in the shady fringes to woodland, shrubbery, and those quiet paths where nettles and rough weeds have established themselves for ages. We saw such a spot recently in a garden in Norfolk. There was a rough, uncared-for fringe to a copse, and we were asked what to plant there, as many plants had been put there only to die. This copse margin was just the place for many bulbous and other plants. We gave the following advice, which we relate here as of possible use to the readers of these notes: It was a place for Primroses, not the so-called blue forms, but the simple flower of the hedgerow. Then we advised the planting of hundreds of Bluebells and the Spanish Bluebell (*Scilla campanulata*) in the several colourings; but the most beautiful are the



Balance. YELLOW CISTUS OR ROCK ROSE. Copyright

ordinary blue and the white. This *Scilla* seems to grow anywhere, in rough grass, in shade, and in the open border, and sows itself to such an extent that in time severe restriction becomes a necessity. The bulb continues long in beauty, and flowers strongly the first year. Forget-me-not is very free in this place, and also Woodruff, hardy Ferns, and the Day Lilies, choosing for preference the one known as *Hemerocallis flava*. It is a graceful plant in flower and leaf; the flowers are pure yellow, sweetly scented, and though lasting only a few hours individually, the quick succession maintained prevents a break in the colouring. We have experienced more difficulty with the other forms than with *H. flava*, which always behaves itself by flowering every year. A few were planted in the shade at the foot of a hungry Yew hedge, but even there flowers came forth abundantly. The sweet Violets may be planted too, and for the autumn there are the Crocuses, and in soil specially prepared the little hardy Cyclamens, which make tufts of colour, but the soil must be of what the gardener calls a vegetable nature, that is, leaf-mould, loam, and silver sand, the sort of mixture that one finds in a woodland. Hardy Cyclamens will grow even beneath trees with wide-spreading branches through which the sun can glint. Quite a Fern garden may be made of the shady margin, the common Polypodies, Hart's-tongue, Lady Fern, the Beech Fern, and, if there is any moisture, the noble Royal Fern. These should be planted in spring just as the new fronds begin to unfurl. The *Anchusas* may be tried also; they are biennial, but worth renewing for their colour, which is an intense gentian blue; although of small size, owing to its freedom

a plant in full beauty is of wonderful colouring. *A. capensis* and *A. italica* are both good. Of course, where there is water the choice is greater still, and Ferns are not the chief plants to rely on. Where there is moisture, although the position may be shady, *Primula japonica* (the Japanese Primrose) and its varieties grow vigorously, and the many colours give additional interest to this fine plant. If the shade is not very dense, the *Meconopsis* may be established, the beautiful *Gentiana asclepiadea*, the big *G. lutea*, the Blood-root (*Sanguinaria canadensis*), and the two *Podophyllums*, *P. Emodi* and *P. peltatum*. An attempt should be made to establish the pretty white *Trillium grandiflorum*, and Solomon's Seal will increase greatly. A hundred good plants may be grown in the shade.

BEGONIA WORTHIANA.

This has been a Begonia year. This flower, unlike the Geranium, rejoices in moisture and warmth, and it has received both in abundance; but there appears to be a return to the old loves in Begonia fashion, as we have noticed in several gardens that *B. worthiana* is planted where the ordinary single varieties filled the beds. The truth is that Begonia specialists have overstepped the limits of discretion in the matter of size, and the flabby-petalled flowers of to-day are not acceptable, hence a return to *worthiana*. This is dwarf, and the flowers have a drooping tendency, and in this way heavy rains have less effect on them than on the large forms, which lie flat and solid, upturned to the sky; the colouring of *worthiana* is very clear, a light reddish shade which agrees with most colours near to it.

SOME NEW ROSES FOR THE PLANTING SEASON—CONTINUED.

Mercedes.—We have not seen this Rose, but the following is Mr. Molyneux's opinion of it: "A pale pink *Rugosa*, almost the Maiden's Blush colour, that is, distinct and pretty. I do not know who introduced it, but it is a great improvement on many of the *Rugosas* in English gardens."

Peace.—Unfortunately this is not of strong growth, but the flowers are dainty in colour, which is soft yellow. It is a sport from the famous *G. Nabonnand* Rose.

Queen of Sweden.—We know very little about this Rose, but here is the opinion of a keen rosarian: "I like this Rose very much; it was raised by George Paul of Cheshunt, and well shown at the Temple May Show. It is quite distinct, and will be found useful; its colour is very variable, sometimes salmon, fawn-white, like *Antoine Rivoire*, and then a flower will come almost orange, and occasionally pink. Messrs. Paul recommend it for pot culture."

R. rugosa repens alba.—This is a Rose that we intend to plant this autumn. It is a wonderful variety, and a chance seedling in Messrs. G. Paul's nursery at Cheshunt. The growth is tremendous, and a plant about 160ft. square at the nursery named was a wonderful picture last summer. The flowers are somewhat starry in shape, and of the purest white; they come out in hundreds, and happily we have just the bank for so strong and beautiful a Rose. It also makes an excellent standard.

Salmonia.—This was raised by Messrs. William Paul, and is very free and pretty in colour, which is a salmon shade, as suggested by the name. It is a variety to make a bed of.

Sulphurea is one of the freest Roses we have seen, and was also raised by Messrs. William Paul; it is very pale yellow, strong in growth, and blooms until the frosts. Another Waltham Cross Rose is

Waltham Rambler, which is pale rose and white; the flowers are in bunches, and make a great display when the plant is in full bloom.

Una.—This is not new, as we saw it some years ago at Cheshunt in Messrs. G. Paul's nursery, where it was raised. It is a cross between the Dog Rose and the famous Gloire de Dijon. The flowers are of exquisite colouring, the yellow buds opening out creamy white, and measuring 4in. across; it is a Rose to fill a large bed with, as in the Royal Gardens, Kew, or to plant as a hedge:

THE CONSTABLE COUNTRY.

T AINE, in his well-known work, the "Philosophy of Art," holds that all varieties in schools of painting can be traced to the differences of soil and climate. The flat lands of Holland produced the Dutch landscape. The ardent Italian skies are responsible for all the poetry and colour of the Venetian, the Florentine schools and all their followers. If this be true of Italy and Holland, what shall be said of England? Could Constable's art have come into existence in any other country or in any other climate? Are not Dedham Vale and the showery English summers answerable for the Constable landscape?



S. L. Coulthurst. A LANE LEADING TO CONSTABLE'S BIRTHPLACE. Copyright

Taken from all points of view, it would be difficult to find more characteristically English scenes than we find in this Suffolk valley. Even Stratford-on-Avon is not more English. The great elms along the roadsides, the rivers, the locks, the quaint farmhouses and rustic bridges, the tangled hedges, and even the bulrushes that grow in the streams, are all well known to us from Constable's compositions; even the forms and the grouping of the trees seem

familiar when we see them as they are in the photographs reproduced of Flatford Bridge or Dedham Lock; and we find



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FLATFORD BRIDGE ON THE STOUR.

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DEDHAM BRIDGE AND TOWPATH.

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ourselves spellbound once more when we recall the synthetic power of Constable's work. He has brought together, into a space of three or four feet, all the most salient characteristics of this Suffolk country-side. From "The Valley Farm," "Dedham Vale," and "The Jumping Horse," three of his masterpieces, and all of them painted from this valley, we know more about the country than a hundred photographs could tell us.

In his skies we may read the dominant note of changeability in the English climate. And this changeability, which is the despair of the ordinary artist, has been turned by Constable to the very utmost advantage. He has seized the form and colour of the stormy clouds that break up the monotony of a summer sky, and from them he has gained powerful adjuncts to his compositions. These cloud effects give him opportunities for the play of light and shadow across the lanes, for gleams of sunlight on distant fields, and for dark recesses and foregrounds so necessary to every picture. Indeed, while wandering in the Constable country to-day, we are struck by the wonderful truth of the art which has made it so famous.

In the lane which leads to the Valley Farm, the elms by the roadside, so stout and gnarled, with rich, luxuriant



S. L. Coulthurst.

WILLY LOTT'S HOUSE.

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foliage, the high banks of tangled grass and wild flowers, the old timber fences, grey with age, are all so like the Constables we know, that we seem to recognise in them some old familiar scenes loved since childhood. No less at home do we feel beside the lock-gates and towpaths that he painted so vigorously. It is a rich, luxuriant country, well-filled, like Constable's compositions. There is no sense of that gloom and desolation we find in the flat, treeless districts near the sea. In Dedham Vale the horizon is always well furnished with foliage well massed and varied. The painter had little to arrange; he must have found his motives with ease. The difficulties were to select the right points of view and then to paint them.

We can trace the origin of Constable's foregrounds in the abundant growth of rushes, banks of tangled grasses, and wild flowers. No painter has given such careful and precise study to the drawing of these parts of his picture. It is in the treatment of these things, generally considered the details, that the experienced can detect the hand of the master, the amateur, or the mere mediocre painter.

What is very characteristic of Constable and what is most likely to touch the hearts of all Englishmen, is the fact that

he never wandered from his native land for subjects for his brush. His temperament was essentially English. He never seemed smitten by that roving fever that seizes so many landscape painters of to-day. He was satisfied to remain in the land he knew and loved. It is an open question whether much of his success was not due to this insularity, in his case a prodigious force. The difficulty for the landscape painter is to retain the freshness of his impressions without their becoming superficial. If he knows a country too well, he will be in danger of losing this quality; on the other hand, if he pays flying visits to strange lands, returning with a portfolio of sketches of unfamiliar scenes and effects, the certainty is that he will only have seized the most superficial aspects of Nature. It requires a lifetime to get to know a landscape well, in all its varying moods, under all its differing aspects. No one realised this better than Constable, and no one has succeeded better than he in giving that synthetised view of a whole country-side.

He was the first to desert the old classic traditions that captured Turner through Claude Lorraine. The love of the classic landscape drove Turner to all parts of Europe in search of motives for his brush. He painted in Italy, in France, in Germany, and in Switzerland, but who shall say that the



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LANGHAM LOCK ON THE STOUR.

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canvases that linger most in our memory, and that touch our hearts most deeply, are not those that were painted on English soil? "London from Greenwich," "Chichester Canal," "Windsor," or "Petworth Park"—these are the Turners we remember best. And this is not only a matter of sentiment. The art is superior in these pictures—superior because Turner knew and loved his own country better than any other, however much he may have coquetted with Venice, Pisa, or Genoa. In these pictures of English parks, of English castles, and woods and canals, Turner struck an intimate note, a note of idealised reality, which brought his art for a moment on to the same plane as Constable's. In his work we even find a sense of tenderness, in these homely scenes, which is missing in the rugged vigour of Constable's pictures. But Constable's power lay in his concentration. He saw the image of the whole world in his little corner of Suffolk; and he saw it essentially as the painter sees who is born to be a pioneer and an innovator. To forget every picture he had ever seen, to paint direct from Nature as it appeared to him—that was the task he set himself.

This discarding of all tradition was the essence of Constable's art. If we revert once more to Taine, it will be to draw attention to a certain similarity of temperament between Constable and other great Englishmen who lived some centuries before him. In the comparison Taine draws between the English and French dramatists, he remarks how rigorously Corneille and Racine followed the prescribed traditions of their art, observing all the unities of time, place, and action, all the laws of balance and symmetry—as Lorraine had done in landscape—true to the temperament of the French nation. Shakespeare and Marlowe, on the other hand, discarded all traditions, and studied men and women on the market-place, in life as they found them. In this way they made new laws and created a new drama, full of intimate, searching truths, vigorous, a trifle bold, perhaps, to the French lover of form and tradition, but a living force and entity. In this same spirit Constable, impatient of the rules of proportion and symmetry of the classic landscape, broke boldly from its influence, studying Nature on the hills, in the fields, by the rivers, as he found it. By this spirit of independence and individuality



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DEDHAM LOCK ON THE STOUR.

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that the Elizabethan dramatists had shown centuries before, did Constable succeed in creating a new and vital school of landscape, a school which was destined to spread its influence as far as a remote village in the forest of Fontainebleau, where it revolutionised the new school which was then coming into existence.

E. S. S.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

As a prose writer, Mr. George Meredith has attained to an established position in the world. As a poet he is not so well known, and the publication of his *Poems* (Constable) in two slim little volumes gives an opportunity for trying to form an estimate of his standing as a versifier. We do not think that any reader will gallop through these poems, any more than he would rush breathlessly for the first time through the pages of "Harry Richmond" or "The Egoist," but whoever will take them up patiently, and with an honest desire to appreciate what is beautiful in them, will not go unrewarded. Mr. Meredith, it may be said plainly at the outset, is not equipped with the supreme qualities of the poet. Some of the chief characteristics of his prose are discernible in his versification. It is abundantly clever, both in rhyme and in phrase, but the writer seems to lack the sense of perfect melody which is the mark of all the great poets—the quality that makes a fine passage almost sing of itself. Only once or twice does he approach it, and perhaps nowhere more nearly than in the following short poem:

"DIRGE IN WOODS.

"A wind sways the pines,
And below
Not a breath of wild air;
Still as the mosses that glow
On the flooring and over the lines
Of the roots here and there.
The pine-tree drops its dead;
They are quiet, as under the sea.
Overhead, overhead
Rushes life in a race,
As the clouds the clouds chase;
And we go,
And we drop like the fruits of the tree,
Even we,
Even so."

But even in this finished little poem we see a lack not only of style, but of the qualities of mind out of which style springs. The theme is the very ancient one of the evanescence of human life, which has inspired poets from the time of the Hebrew prophets to the present day. Always in the acutely sensitised mind of the poet, a mind that almost might be called intensified consciousness, there are feelings of melancholy and regret inspired by the knowledge that the *ego*, as it were, grows like a flower, and like a flower it fades again, while all the beautiful things of Nature, the sun, the clouds, the sky, the running water, and the waving woodlands, remain to form fresh associations for that new generation that is always following and crowding out the old. Carlyle once remarked that the keenest of his aspirations was for a wishing carpet that would carry him, not anywhere, but "anywhen." That is to say, it was the object of his curious mind to be transported back to the distant centuries in which the foundations of the present were laid, or to peer forward into that equally distant future in which the seeds sown now would have ripened and borne their fruit for good and evil. The three score years and ten of the Psalmist form a fraction of time so minute that the high soul rebels against being confined in it, and rebellion in that sense is one of the motive forces of poetry. It seems impossible for a really great poet to dwell on such themes without the words becoming musical in harmony with the thought. Something of this Mr. Meredith hints at rather than expresses in a poem which we quote:

"THE WISDOM OF ELD.

"We spend our lives in learning pilotage,
And grow good steersmen when the vessel's crank!
Gap-toothed he spake and with a tottering shank
Sided to gain the sunny bench of Age.
It is the sentence which completes that stage;
A testament of wisdom reading blank.
The seniors of the race, on their last plank,
Pass mumbling it as nature's final page.
These, bent by such experience, are the band
Who captain young enthusiasts to maintain
What things we view, and Earth's decree withstand,
Lest dreaded Change, long damned by dull decay,
Should bring the world a vessel steered by brain,
And ancients musical at close of day."

All that it wants to raise it from cleverness to greatness is the feeling of pathos and compassion that is almost brutally

absent in such a phrase as that which describes the seniors of the race "passing mumbling." Again, in his lighter themes he suffers cleverness, which is his besetting vice, to get the better of fancy, and it is fancy alone that makes a small theme delicious. Take, for instance, his

"BREATH OF THE BRIAR.

"O briar-scents, on yon wet wing
Of warm South-west wind brushing by,
You mind me of the sweetest thing
That ever mingled frank and shy:
When she and I, by love enticed,
Beneath the orchard-apples met,
In equal halves a ripe one sliced,
And smelt the juices ere we ate.

"That apple of the briar-scent,
Among our lost in Britain now,
Was green of rind, and redolent
Of sweetness as a milking cow.
The briar gives it back, well nigh
The damsel with her teeth on it;
Her twinkle between frank and shy,
My thirst to bite where she had bit."

The idea is exquisite, and in the hands, say, of an Austin Dobson, would have been made the material for one of those dainty poems that he has himself likened to a painting on porcelain. But here there is a certain crudity, a sort of actualism thrust upon the reader, as when the poet says, "And smelt the juices ere we ate," or "My thirst to bite where she had bit." Only the very finest delicacy could touch and glide over this, yielding the charm, yet never descending to literalism.

No doubt he might make a vigorous defence of himself, as he actually does in

"THE POINT OF TASTE.

"Unhappy poets of a sunken prime!
You to reviewers are as ball to bat.
They shadow you with Homer, knock you flat
With Shakespeare: bludgeons brainingly sublime
On you the excommunicates of Rhyme,
Because you sing not in the living Fat.
The wiry whizz of an intrusive gnat
Is verse that shuns their self-producing time.
Sound them their clocks, with loud alarm tramp,
Or watches ticking temporal at their fobs,
You win their pleased attention. But, bright God
O' the lyre, what bully-drawlers they applaud!
Rather for us a tavern-catch, and bump
Chorus where Lumpkin with his Giles hobnobs."

But the view here represented is not a good one for the poet to take. The point of taste only affects work of the minor sort. What is really great is acknowledged on all sides, and the true artist will never rest nor be content until his achievement is recognised for what it is, even by those who belong to some different school. For example, the really fine work of Wordsworth stands unchallenged even by those who are most contemptuous of the ordinary work-a-day stuff that he produced in too great abundance. No one with an ordinary intelligent appreciation of poetry could cavil at such consummate beauty of phrase as is touched in those passages that have become the standards and tests of fine verse, such as

"So said she; they long since in Earth's soft arms were reposing,
There, in their own dear land, their fatherland, Lacedæmon."

or,

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages."

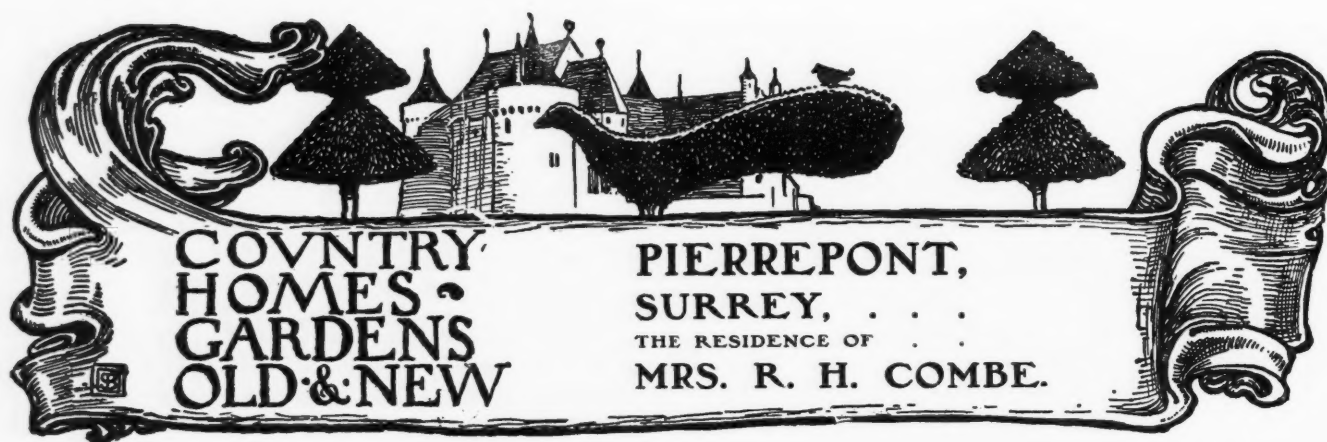
"Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met and never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

"Wi' ae lock of his gowden hair,
I'll twine my heart for evermair."

"Late at e'en, drinking the wine,
And e'er they paid the lawing,
They set a combat them between
To fight it in the dawning."

If we go to Mr. George Meredith with echoes so fine as these ringing in our ears, we shall be forced to condemn the greater part of his work as being only alert and clever prose done into rhyme, while the few passages that we have quoted represent, in our opinion, his closest approach to the work of the masters of verse.

To speak frankly, it is only the sincere and genuine work of Mr. Meredith as a prose writer which entitles him to a hearing as a maker of verse. It also, it must be admitted, gives to that verse an interest which may not be a poetic interest, but is peculiar to the verses of this very characteristic writer.



THE handsome modern residence of Pierrepont is situated in a very beautiful part of Surrey, about midway between the heathy slopes of Hindhead and the pleasant town of Farnham, in a region through which the infant Wey pursues its peaceful course by many beautiful seats towards Godalming and Guildford. Many prominent Englishmen, distinguished in the State and in literature, have dwelt hereabout, and Waverley Abbey and Moor Park, the latter once the retreat of Sir William Temple, where his famous gardens were, and where William III. taught Swift to cut asparagus in the Dutch fashion, are the neighbours of Mrs. Combe's beautiful dwelling.

The name of Pierrepont was conferred upon the place by a former ducal proprietor, who was both notable and notorious in his day. This beautiful old manor in the seventeenth century came into the hands of the Morleys, and afterwards of the Bellinghams, and many other possessors. In the vale to the north-east of the village of Frensham stood Tanker's Ford, an old farm, which was held as copyhold, partly of the manor of Frensham Beale, and partly of the manor of Farnham. It comprised about 300 acres, and was held by one John

Mabank, who, in 1748, sold it to Colonel John Mordaunt, brother of the Earl of Peterborough. The new possessor, having fitted up the house as a villa residence, transferred it by sale in 1753 in trust for Henry Fiennes, Earl of Lincoln, and afterwards Duke of Newcastle. In 1760 it was purchased by Evelyn Pierrepont, second and last Duke of Kingston, who gave his name to the place, made additions to the building and lands, and converted the estate into a *ferme ornée*, according to a fashion prevalent in his time. His Grace of Kingston, who had succeeded his grandfather in 1726, and had distinguished himself by raising at his own expense a regiment of light horse to suppress the rebellion of 1745, is spoken of by Walpole as "a very weak man of the greatest beauty and finest person in England." He it was who went through the ceremony of marriage at St. George's, Hanover Square, with the notorious Elizabeth Chudleigh, wife of Augustus John Hervey, afterwards Earl of Bristol.

In creating his *ferme ornée* at Frensham, the Duke imitated what had been successfully accomplished by Mr. Philip Southcote at Woburn Farm near Weybridge, as also by the Hon. C. Hamilton at Pain's Hill, in the same county. Thus





"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE SOUTH FRONT.

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sings Mason in his "English Garden":

"On thee too, Southcote, shall the Muse bestow
No vulgar praise; for thou to humblest things
Could'st give ennobling beauties; deck'd by thee
The simple farm eclipsed the garden's prime."

The fashion spread, and the *ferme ornée* assumed its place as a simple type of the landscape garden. In old Dodsley's "Collection of Poems," published in 1766, are lines by "A Lady of Quality," on a *ferme ornée* near Birmingham, written in 1749, a few years after Woburn Farm was founded by Southcote, which deserve to be quoted:

"'Tis Nature here bids pleasing scenes arise,
And wisely gives them Cynthia to revise;
To veil each blemish; brighten every grace;
Yet still preserve the lovely parent's face.
How well the bard obeys each valley tells;
These lucid streams, gay meads, and lonely cells;
Where modes: Art in silence lurks conceal'd;
While Nature shines so gracefully reveal'd
That she triumphant claims the total plan;
And, with fresh pride, adopts the work of man."



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THE EAST GARDEN APPROACH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

at Pierrepont House in 1836, and of his son of the same name. It appears to have been let, and at a later date came into the hands of the late Mr. Richard Henry Combe, J.P., D.L., who was High Sheriff of the County in 1881, and died in April, 1900. Mr. Combe was the son of Mr. Charles James Fox Combe, and the grandson of Mr. Harvey Christian Combe of Cobham Park, Surrey, Alderman of London, Lord Mayor in 1799, and M.P. for the City for twenty years.

The present house is of comparatively recent origin, and is a work of that well-known architect, Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., who has erected many beautiful mansions in England, full of the old English spirit, picturesque in aspect, and comfortable

In this spirit no doubt the *ferme ornée* at Pierrepont House was planned. The Duke retained it for about ten years, selling it in 1771, two years before his death, to Mr. Ascanius William Senior. It passed through other hands, and in 1785 became the property of Mr. Ralph Winstanley Wood, who, having erected a mansion on an elevated site called High Field, pulled down the old structure. Another house was subsequently built, however, and the estate was the property of Mr. Crawford Davison, who died



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THE WEST END.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in interior arrangement, such as Flete, Ivybridge, Devon, Dawpool, near Birkenhead, and Craigside, the late Lord Armstrong's beautiful house near Rothbury in Northumberland. The features of Pierrepont House are such as are found in most of the houses erected by the eminent architect. There

our pictures before them. It is, perhaps, worthy of mention, that a certain variety has been attained by not building the south front upon a straight line, there being an obtuse angle between the third and fourth gables, as seen in our pictures. Apparently the idea has been to give varying effects of light and shade, and



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THE WINDOWS OF THE GREAT HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

are the pleasant colours of stone, brick, and tile, the quaint features of mullioned windows, overhanging timber upper storeys, high pointed gables, and bold chimney-stacks, which give so much of distinction and character. The quaintness of the roofs and buttresses, of the arched doorways and lofty windows, like that of the great hall, will not be overlooked by those who have

to add a little variety by the irregularity of the roof line. This is, perhaps, not one of Mr. Norman Shaw's finest works, but it is a very pleasing and characteristic example of his style.

It would scarcely appear that any features of the old *ferme ornée* of the Duke of Kingston can remain. There is little or nothing of formality in the gardens, and they are such as would



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A GARDEN PATH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

rightly belong to a house of the class. The ground falls from the south front, and there are grass descents and lawns shadowed by fir trees, where it is pleasant to sling hammocks in the summer-time. Ivy and clustering roses vest the structure, perhaps a little too luxuriantly, and there are pots and tubs of hydrangeas and other flowers for adornment in many places. The garden sweeps up to the house, and there is no formal barrier of balustrade or terrace margin. The gardens are extensive but simple, and there are scented pathways through the sweet realm of flowers and the useful plants of the kitchen garden. A charming region with a margin of wood is on the east side, and the rose garden is a place full of the sweetness and varied richness of the queen of flowers. The lawns are green and beautiful, the flower gardening is rich and attractive, and the woodland and shrubberies are all that the most exacting could require.

Along the south side of the estate flows the youthful river Wey, and beyond it is a charming outlook, towards the broken and heathy country which is bounded by the heights of Hindhead and Gibbet Hill. The heaths are extensive, and there are pieces of water well stocked with carp and perch, and frequented by large flocks of water-fowl, the largest of them being Frensham great pond. Tilford Green, which is close by, is distinguished by the possession of a vast and venerable oak, the "King's Oak," which is undoubtedly one of the finest trees in the kingdom, and is mentioned in the charter of Henry de Blois to the monks of Waverley in the

year 1150. In the churches and picturesque neighbourhood there is certainly a great deal to add to the enticements and attractions of Pierrepont House, which, for the rest, as all may see, is a very beautiful place in itself and its immediate surroundings.

IN RAVEN'S GAP.

WITH a fresh north-westerly gale behind it, the tide was plunging in between the headlands that bounded the kelp-laden sands of the Gap, and piling up the foam in a creeping quivering ridge. Moment by moment the wind shore it off in flying flakes, and scattered it all about the dark-haired girl who was plying her long-pronged rake bare-footed in the very wash of the tumbling breakers. When the soft, pelting foam danced

full in her eyes or hung clotted in her streaming hair, she shook her handsome head impatiently and flung out the prongs more vigorously into the heaped swathe of her ocean harvest. The bank of kelp, which last night's gale had flung so richly upon the sands, was already turning and swinging to and fro in the wash of the rising tide, and every moment was precious to her. As she bent to the driving foam flakes and dragged up mass after mass of the shining wrack out of the reach of the thievish breakers, above their vociferous



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THE ROSE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

bass and the pipe of the sea-wind there came to her ears the voices and laughter of a knot of lads and fisher-girls coming towards her along the sands. She knitted her brows with annoyance, but never paused in her work. "Time enough to mind that lot when tide be turned," she said to herself, trying not to listen again for the one voice she had instantly recognised with a leap of the heart as the party filed round the boulders into the cove.

"Hi, Rhoda Venn, Rhoda the Raven, how art thou, Rhoda?" came the voices in rough chaff, girls' and lads' together. "Look main and sprack, Rhoda, tide's a-coming and kelp's a-going." "Shall us stop and help 'ee, Rhoda?" called one young man at last, exciting a universal chorus of laughter at the exquisite absurdity of the suggestion.

The taunt stung the bare-footed girl into a reply, for she heard the voice she had been listening for raised loud in laughter with the rest.

"No, don't 'ee trouble, thank 'ee kindly," she cried, turning to face the speaker from the fringe of the foam. "Maybe a little kelp pullin' would be too much for 'ee, not bein' as you're accustomed to it." She swung out her long weapon again into the sea, and impaled a heaving mass of the weed with a proud display of her sea-bred woman's strength, but she had struck more than she could land. A spent eddy dragged the weed forcibly to seaward; she stood braced against the pull of the mass till she was almost dragged off her feet, and then with a heart scalding with mortification was forced at last to twist out her rake and abandon it. The receding group burst into a fresh chorus of mocking laughter, Abel Rosland's voice once more

silence which the boisterous tumult of the winds and waves made easier. Though the others had by now gone noisily on their way and were out of sight, Rhoda had a singleness and downrightness of character which would in any case have prevented her from trying to play off Dick's clumsy advances against Abel Rosland's ridicule. Her mind dwelt self-tormentingly on this latest passage of arms; she heard again in imagination her detested nickname coming from Abel Rosland's mouth, and she quivered with bitterness and mortification.

At last the tide turned, and Dick Shearme came up out of the sea and wiped his forehead. Rhoda scarcely felt inspired with a proper gratitude towards him for his aid. "You are a miserable stick of a fellow beside Abel Rosland, for sure," she said to herself involuntarily. The young man laid the pole by her kelp-basket, lying above high-water mark, and came back shyly to wish her good-bye. He looked up awkwardly into her spare, handsome face, with its dark eyes bright with health, and still sparkling with mortification, and stammered out a half offer to pull kelp for her some time again. Rhoda froze up afresh, and gave him the scantiest of necessary thanks for his help in securing the goodly heaps of shining weed that now studded the sands. She did not even cast a look at the young man as he went dejectedly across the cove and vanished behind its rocky boundaries towards the little port.

Rhoda filled and shouldered her basket of the seaware, and trudged off in the opposite direction along the shore to the cottage on the edge of the shingle where she lived alone with her old widowed mother. The low white house stood edgewise to the sea, fronting a little stream that tumbled down between steep hillsides, all rusty now in autumn with faded sea pinks, and slid into salt water between high shingle banks scarped for it with a curious angular precision by the violence of the winter seas. She emptied her creel of weed on the great heap waiting by the doorway to be carried to the fields of the upland farms, and went into the low blue-flagged kitchen lit by the narrow window that framed a scene of rocks and sea and sky that would have gladdened the heart of any painter. Her mother was hobbling about among her household pots and pans in the little yard under the wall of cliff behind the cottage, and did not hear her come in, much to the girl's relief, for she still felt too sore to wish to speak. She left the house again and struck up over the sward of the hill to the great brow of the cliff that looked down upon the mighty panorama of the iron-bound headlands and the wrinkled floor of waters far below. She strode fiercely along, with the salt wind blustering about her brows, and her heart full of rebellious bitterness. It was cruel, cruel that because she lived out here at Raven's Gap, and had to earn bread for two mouths as best she could by



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THE LAWN AT PIERREPONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the kelp-gathering, she should be looked upon as a wild creature by the girls and lads of the village. "It was precious easy," she said to herself, "for folk to put on fine clothes and take care of their looks who had not got to do a man's work and keep their own roof whole above them." As she pressed along the cliff top wrapped in such thoughts as these the white-winged gulls veered up from the ledges into the wind, the rabbits scuttled from the sward into their holes at the edge of the precipice, and presently a pair of broad-winged buzzards rose from an outlying pinnacle of rock and sailed slowly along the cliff-front high in air. She flung herself down in a hollow of the sward, with her elbows on her knees, and watched the great birds gliding with effortless grandeur in the very eye of the wind, with their tawny wings clear-cut against the wrinkled waste of waters far below. Suddenly as the hawks neared a massive group of splintered pinnacles two lean black shapes sallied out from a hidden recess and rose above them threateningly in the air. The buzzards had fled from the human intruder on their domain only to fall foul of the pair of ravens that had nested here from time immemorial, and they knew their mistake. They altered their course and quickened pace, but the gaunt sinewy ravens were already stooping upon them to strike. Just as the black beaks darted at their eyes the great hawks threw up their talons helplessly into the air and dropped downwards on their backs, breaking the silence with a cat-like mew of terror. Twice more the four great birds circled into action with slow majestic curves, and each time the hawks dropped mewing from their fierce and silent antagonists, dreading from sure foreknowledge the thrust of those pitiless bills. And then one

conspicuous to her ears above it all; she bent furiously to her task again with her heart half bursting with conflicting passions. Suddenly, above the waves and winds, she heard another voice close behind her.

"Here, Rhoda, let I help 'ee a bit now, do 'ee really," stammered the lad. He had run back from the rest of the group, who had stopped a moment, and were staring at the pair of them in silence. "'Tis cruel hard work for anyone, with sea running like 'tis this morning, I do know."

The girl was on the point of giving him an angry rebuff, but something in his look, the utter absence of masculine patronage, half disarmed her.

"All right," she said, ungraciously. "But how can 'ee help when there's only one pole?"

"Let I work pole a bit," said the lad, quietly. "Thee can carry the ware up beach. Lor', there, 'twould be a shame to lose the half of such a throw of it as this here be for want of one to help 'ee." He waded into the water and drew in the floating wrack with a strong, skilful touch, coaxing the drifting masses on the swell of the waves, and steadying them upon the ebb as a fisherman plays a half-spent thirty-pounder on a salmon-rod.

Rhoda's soreness subsided a little as between her journeys with the slippery armfuls of weed she saw him showing such practised familiarity with the kelp-pole. Kelp-gathering, and this was the origin of half her troubles, had come to be rather despised as an occupation, and young Dick Shearme's unostentatious readiness in plying the pole acted as a salve to her sensitiveness. But they both of them worked on in a

of the ravens put back to her hidden nest again, while her mate slowly pursued the routed trespassers far out of sight of his craggy eyrie.

Rhoda watched the lordly contest with a kindled eye, for she found a message in it for herself and her own troubles. "Ee do call me raven, do 'ee?" she muttered, apostrophising her rivals and tormentors of the village. "Then I'd sooner be a raven than any great cowardly bird as be twice his size and can't stand up to him, not even two against one. Aye, 'ee be nothing but great buzzard-hawks, that's what 'ee be, fine and grand to look at, and only fit to run screamin' if anyone do go and stand up to 'ee. I mind my own house, like yonder ravens do, and don't need to go trapesin' round the country and interferin' with them as don't want me."

The incident had restored her sturdy buoyancy of spirit, and she found a triumphant satisfaction, as she turned back towards the white cottage on the strand, in this manifestation of poetic justice, that made her own detested nickname recoil upon the heads of her tormentors. She did not, of course, allow Abel Rosland to figure in her imagination on the worst side of the comparison, and for the rest of the day she went about her work inventing a hundred reasons which proved that it was perfectly right and natural that he should look down upon her and laugh at her. Wasn't he the strongest fellow in the whole town, and famous as a wrestler through more parishes than she herself had ever even heard of? How, she thought, with fierce self-reproaches at having ever thought otherwise, could such an one as he ever be expected to do anything but despise a girl like her? She must seem utterly beneath him, with her hard life and poor working clothes, and the uncouth ways, compared to his, which she must have picked up from living here in the Gap, with never a neighbour to speak to.

So Rhoda was in no very kind or reasonable mood when Dick Shearme made his appearance down the side of the Gap a day or two afterwards, while she was stacking the scattered heaps of kelp on the great pile by the cottage doorway, and offered to help her again.

"I can manage pretty well by myself, thank 'ee," she said, coldly, with her face bent over an armful of weed she was lifting into the baskets. "There be no call for thee to waste thy time out here at kelp-gatherin'."

She lifted her load and went off up the track to the cottage. As she returned she met Dick Shearme's slightish figure coming up the path bent under a load of the weed, tied round with a rough length of cord. It was not a convenient method of transport, and at the third journey, just as they met again, his slippery load fell bodily apart and left the rope hanging in his hands. "There's another basket in the shed, if 'ee do want it," she said, unwillingly, and went on her own way again. Dick thanked her cheerfully, and after collecting his scattered load, plied the creel with such a will that in an hour's time the sands were bare of the last skein of weed.

"Fine hard work that be," he said, briskly, wiping his forehead as they flung down their loads together on the pile. "You did ought to have someone to help 'ee at it now and again, for certain."

Rhoda could not have said for the life of her why she felt so angry with Dick for having helped her, but she did not seek to spare her tongue.

"I shouldn't have thought it were particular heavy for a man," she said. "There's some about the place as wouldn't think a great deal of a job like that."

Taken altogether aback by her words and tone, the young man looked straight in her face with frank surprise. She dropped her eyes, and passed quickly into the house. Dick waited a moment more, and then she saw him go slowly away across the sands. Rhoda set blindly to work preparing dinner, almost overwhelmed in a storm of strange emotions she could neither understand nor satisfy. But she met her mother's casual enquiries about the object of Dick Shearme's visit with perfect steadiness and self-control, and crushed down the tumult in her breast with unflinching defiance.

A few days later she had to go into the harbour town to replenish household supplies, an expedition which was too much for lame Mrs. Venn. It was high water as she came by the little quay that hung above the harbour-pool under the climbing roofs of the houses, and a smart fishing-boat was moored by the steps ready for starting out. She recognised it at once as belonging to old Eli Rosland, Abel's father, and she kept an eager watch all up the street, as she made her purchases at the little grocer's shop beside the quay. She saw Dick Shearme net-mending among the quayside litter of timber and old anchors, but avoided him carefully. As in friendly duty bound, she listened to the old dame's weekly bulletin about her own rheumatics and a neighbour's "dreadful leg" (that vague and impressive ailment from which few village families of proper self-respect permit themselves to be immune for very long together), but her thoughts were plainly wandering.

"Come over her again o' Tuesday all collapsy-like, it did, just as soon as ever she put her foot out o' doors, poor

dear," said the old dame, gazing at Rhoda over her spectacles with reproachful unction while she packed her basket with little blue parcels. But Rhoda was looking out of the door at the knickerbockered figures of two strangers who were making their way towards the quay. She bade the indignant old lady good-bye before the tale of suffering had progressed much further than Wednesday supper-time, and walked slowly along the harbour-side. Her heart leapt as she saw Abel rise from a coiled cable where he had been waiting and touch his cap to the two gentlemen. She could not hear them speak from where she stood, but she watched them talking cheerfully together as they passed towards the steps and went down into the boat. There was the usual knot of children playing at the quay-head, with a sprinkling of fishermen smoking in the sun, and she went and stood among them, watching Abel's handsome figure working the boat skilfully down harbour and talking so briskly and readily to the gentlemen. What a splendid fellow he did look, she thought—so handsome and strong; and see how the gentlemen were listening to him! They knew him for the finest sailor in the port, plain enough. She stood on the quay-head among a knot of lads and women as the boat passed outwards, wishing that he would notice her, even if it was only to laugh at her again. The boat passed close under the quay-wall, with Abel at the sculls, but he was looking the other way altogether, and talking to one of the gentlemen in an odd kind of voice that seemed strange to her.

"Oi, oi, oi, oi!" mimicked a lad standing by, in a ludicrous falsetto. "Abel be getting set up, for sure. Won't know how to ask for his bread and cheese 'ceptin' in French afore long, I reckon."

Rhoda looked round at the grinning lad in quick anger, and the blood rose to the roots of her hair. She saw the boys and women all laughing, and there was a tolerant smile even on the sunburnt faces of the burly fishermen smoking on the beach as their eyes followed the boat now rising to the swell of the outer waters.

"Aye, I reckon afore long we shall see Abel Rosland out to chapel with a pair o' them gentlemen's spat things on his feet o' Sundays, and a yaller cane," chuckled one brawny, open-faced fellow with a sun-bleached beard; "and how he do think to get to wind'ard o' the Head in this here breeze wi' every stitch o' canvas set that fashion, 'tis more nor you or I can say, eh, Tom?"

Rhoda listened with a dry throat. What did they mean by it?—what did they mean by it? That limb of a boy would precious soon hold his tongue if Abel could only hear him, but there was no one in the whole town who did not listen to what Mr. Cobbledick said, and he was speaking worse of Abel still. No, he was wrong, he was wrong. He must have some grudge against him, she said to herself, though she secretly knew the utter absurdity of the notion as she framed it.

She came back along the sands with her heart swelling with defiant loyalty to her hero. The days passed on in the Gap, but brought no more peace of mind to the solitary girl. Trained from a child to face her own difficulties and keep her own counsel, and full of perfect health and courage, she forced herself to go about her daily work in the old regular way. Dick Shearme she saw no more, except once or twice at a distance on the upland roads; but more than once when she came back in the evening from a day's work in the kitchen or dairy at one of the farms, she found the sands of the cove dotted with piled heaps of kelp, ready for carrying to the big mound by the cottage door. The unknown kelp-gatherer was clearly minded to escape Mrs. Venn's eye if he could, as well as Rhoda's. The brood of ravens flew at last, and Rhoda watched them circling round the rocky headlands or resting, faint specks of sable, on some dizzy ledge far above the sea-washed shelves where she sat sometimes gazing at the heaving waters for an hour at a time. She had lived in the very spray of the Atlantic breakers till their ever-present voices had become part of her life, and now more than ever she found comfort and companionship in watching the never-resting waters plunging and swinging with the hoarse cadence of the ocean in the hollows of her rock-strewn shore.

It was a wild and stormy spring, and the sea seemed never at rest. Day after day from the little window of the cottage in the Gap nothing could be seen but grey rain-swept skies and grey seas bursting into white cataracts on the crags with a never-ending roar. Rhoda was coming homeward one stormy evening across the upland fields from a day's work at one of the farmhouses, when at a fork of the lane she came upon a party of young men, Abel Rosland among them, lounging along on their way back from one of the villages on the moor. They were idle enough in this weather, when the fishing-boats seldom put to sea. Rhoda would have gone out of her way to escape them, but the tumult of the wind prevented her hearing them as they approached her in the narrow lane. She drew herself up, and strode defiantly past them, nerving herself to run the gauntlet of the expected gibes. But to her relief and astonishment, they let her pass in perfect silence, even drawing aside to give her room to pass. In her surprise she looked quickly back at them, half-expecting

some rough joke still, and her eyes met Abel Rosland's, who was glancing back like herself. She passed on with her heart beating with a wild hope unexpressed. Somebody must have stopped them teasing her; surely, surely it must be he, and no other. She swung down the rocky path into the Gap, against the spray-laden gale, with hope and gladness sending the blood coursing through her veins as tumultuously as its own wild blasts. The air between the heads was thick with spray, and the clouds streamed low on the cliff as she came to the cottage door and found old Mrs. Venn standing and peering out into the stormy twilight.

"Eh, mother," she cried, with a new life in her voice, "why be you a-standing out here such a night as this?"

The old woman silenced her with an uplifted finger. "Listen, listen. I thought there was a screamin' from the sea, Rhoda, a minute ago. Can 'ee hear aught?"

The two stood silently, trying to pierce the deafening tumult.

A great wave poised beneath them and thundered on the beach, and then as its roar died down, the turmoil of the outer waters seemed to bear to them a faint hoarse cry.

"'Twere naught but a bird?" appealed the old woman, anxiously. But Rhoda was already fighting her way to the path that climbed the north-western boundary of the Gap. Ten minutes later she was clinging to a sheltering rock halfway up its face, and gazing into the thundering spray-swept gulf that lay below. The sea-smoke parted a moment before the wind, and her eye fell on a small vessel gripped between two jaws of the crag, right beneath her as she clung. Every other wave swept clean above the splintered stump of the mast, and a fear swept across her that all was over. But then she saw one human form, and soon another, feebly clinging to the jagged wall of rock beneath her, just above the range of the heavy seas. She shouted twice, but could not make them hear, and then she hurried down the path again. There ought to be little difficulty in saving them by a rope, if help could be got quickly enough, she thought, and instantly remembered that the group she had met in the lane must now be on the cliff road, barely half a mile away. She called the news to her mother as she flew past the door, and the old woman, who had seen many a wreck and its waifs in her day, hobbled off to unlock the shed close by, where a rope was kept for such emergencies on this lonely region of the coast. When Rhoda won to the road above, the group of fisher-lads were just in sight.

"There's two men down on the White Stones from a wreck," she cried, and started down hill again with the whole group pell-mell behind her.

"They can be got at easy with a rope," she gasped, a minute later to the man running next behind her. "I do know the place well."

"Aye, aye," he answered shortly, and Rhoda turned her face to the wind again. It was the first time she had spoken to Abel Rosland since—since everything had been changed.

They caught up the rope which Mrs. Venn had ready for them, and pressed on together up the narrow path on the cliff

face. The reek of the driving spray darkened the dying daylight, and the whole cliff seemed to quake beneath them as the seas broke booming at its base.

Swiftly and collectedly Rhoda pointed to the clinging figures below. The two were still hanging where she had seen them, and a third was now pulling himself up through the driving spray to their higher level. His upturned face caught sight of the group above, and he waved his arm wildly. His companions slowly lifted their heads, and they saw them uttering inaudible cries.

"They're weak," said Rhoda. "But we'll soon have them up here, now there's one to go down and plenty to pull."

While one of the lads ran a noose in the rope, she sank back struggling for breath. She had done her part without much waste of time, she felt with satisfaction. But they must not lose time here now.

"Who's going down?" she said.

"It's easy climbing, but 'ee mustn't lose sight of where 'ee be making for."

Her eyes instinctively fastened on Abel Rosland, who was gazing over the edge where the veils of smoke came flying on the wind.

Abel looked up. "The vessel's gone!" he said. "I saw her break clean in two afore my eyes. Lord, that's no place for a fellow down there in a sea like yon!"

"No, it's lucky them two is out of it," answered Rhoda, the ice now broken. She was strange to no scene of storm and desolation on these cliffs, and was practical by nature.

Abel had shrunk back, and his companions were looking one at another awkwardly.

"Well, which is it to go down?" said the girl, impatiently. "They can't afford to wait, poor souls." She looked at the fellow who was still fumbling foolishly at the rope, and part of the truth began to break on her.

"You don't hardly want that rope yourself, you know," she said; "but if you do like to slip it on, 'twon't be none the worse. Now, come along!"

But the lad plainly had no intention of slipping it on as suggested. Rhoda's scorn and amazement grew high.

"Here, if you be afraid, hand it over," she said, and held out the rope to the others.

"Well, you do see, they be nothing better than foreigners, by the look of them, after all," said one of them, with a silly grin. It was Abel Rosland, and Rhoda in that instant felt a great veil falling from her eyes.

"Cowards, cowards, 'ee be cowards all the lot of 'ee, just the same as one another," she broke out upon them, with her eyes flashing. "If all the rest of 'ee be afraid for your lives, I'll show 'ee as there's one as isn't, and go myself. When I reach the first of them poor souls there, throw me the end o' yon rope, if there's e'er a one as has the pluck to."

She turned her face to the cliff, and swung boldly over the edge, her dark face set firmly in determination and scorn. The group above gazed at her in abashed silence, as she lowered herself from step to step of the rock, hidden from minute to



Miss Alice Hughes.

THE HON. IRENE LAWLEY.

52, Gower Street.

minute by the clouds of flying scud. Just as she reached the first of the shipwrecked men there was a noise of voices on the path, and a group of fishermen came hurrying to the ledge where they stood.

"Who be gone down to 'em?" cried Caleb Cobbledick, who led. He repeated his question sharply, as none of the group of lads found a reply.

"Rhoda Venn be gone down to 'em," said Abel Rosland, in a would-be casual tone. "'Twas she as found 'em."

Caleb Cobbledick roared out a further amazed enquiry, but before the words had left his mouth Dick Shearme had slipped from behind him, and lowered himself over the edge. They saw him gain Rhoda's side on the spray-beaten boulders below, and Caleb planted his burly bulk against a rock, waiting for the signal to pull. At last the castaways were swung safely one by one to the ledge, and carried down the path towards the cottage in the Gap. Then Dick and Rhoda came close together up the crags again. What passed between them when the last limp form rose slowly out of the threshing spray was never divulged to an interested and appreciative community. But when old Mrs. Venn began to throw her arms round Rhoda's neck as the girl came up to the cottage doorway with Dick Shearme close behind her, Rhoda freed herself with grave dignity. "No, wait a moment, mother," she said, turning to Dick, as he stood leaning against the weight of the wind. "See, this here's the man as I be goin' to marry. I reckon you know his name. And now, where's them three foreigners?"

ANTHONY COLLETT.

THE CAMERA in the GARDEN.

AN ardent love of Nature, and the excuse, as it were, for wandering into the quiet places of the country which the camera affords, is responsible more than perhaps anything else for a large amount of the amateur photography which is practised. The little portable instrument gives the motive for many a ramble over the brown hills and through woodland and meadow, and the hope of securing pleasing records of the scene has an alluring fascination which makes one oblivious of fatigue or inclemency of weather; and yet it would seem that the photographer needs to be reminded that in many cases there are no more suitable subjects for his selection than those about his very doorstep. Rightly considered, the garden is a rich field for exploration, and when looked at from the point of view of him who would secure pictures at once decorative in design and composition and pleasing in their associated ideas, the flower garden, our very familiarity with which had bred indifference, if not contempt, assumes a new interest.

Equally beautiful, in a way, at each and every season of the year, at no time are shrubberies or flower borders so suitable for pictorial treatment with the camera as when, within sight of autumn, the garden puts forth its full beauty ere maturity ends in decline. Dear to the eyes of the horticulturist are the trim and well-kept parterres of early summer, but more picturesque is the luxurious growth of late summer, when plant life grown strong comes near to defying the gardener's restraining hand in its wilful efforts to return to a wild state.

When glittering sunflowers and the last of the hollyhocks tower aloft above the thick undergrowth of lowlier plants, which have been making the borders gay for a month or more past, when here and there tall spikes of seed-vessels and withered flower-stems have remained unplucked, and are massed together, reflecting the sunlight with a metallic lustre, then is the season for the

photographer to choose this or that corner of the garden for picture-making. The tangle and tendency to disorder, which comes of the leafy wealth to which the sunshine and warm rains of all the year have contributed, forms a fairer picture, when but a reflection of a little piece of the whole rich scene is transferred to paper, than the artificiality of the well-ordered garden in June.

It may not be given to all to possess, or even to have frequent access to, "My Lady's Garden," with its high sheltering walls and quaintly-trained yew hedge; not every garden contains giant trees to cast long shadows athwart the gravel walks, nor are sundial and peacock always at hand to give character to the scene. But the meanest garden plot will provide enough; the very weeds and field grasses, if we can forget that they are weeds, and look only for their natural grace and beauty, may furnish material for many a dainty design to be treated merely as photographs, or they may be photographically printed on silk or linen, wood or metal, and our lady readers who are so inclined will doubtless need no suggestion as to how such things may be turned to account. Thus, for instance, we recently saw a set of doyleys of white silk or similar fine fabric on the centre of each of which was photographically printed a small spray of ivy.

For photographing flowers and plants as they grow in the garden borders, some natural taste, some knowledge or judgment as to artistic composition, will be of advantage. Let just a few stems or a single group suffice for each plate exposed, and bend or tie back others from within the field of view. Look well that no unbidden object obtrudes; remember that the picture can only be, and should only attempt at being, a selected bit, a well-chosen item out of all the abundance provided by Nature, and in order to give force and emphasis to the one chosen theme, try as far as possible to subordinate all else. Resist the temptation to include too much. Recognise and conform to the limitation of a single plate.

In many cases we shall be photographing the flowers at close quarters, and for that reason longer exposures will be required, necessitating some support to the camera, of whatsoever type it may be. A chair, a table, an overturned flower-pot may perhaps suffice, but a small portable tripod stand, admitting of the camera being raised or lowered, will be better, and recollect that we are dealing with subjects possessing bright positive colours. Greens, yellows, reds are all colours to which the photographic plate or film is the least sensitive; nevertheless, there are side by side white and blue, in addition to the natural whiteness and blueness of the sunlight and the atmosphere, and hence not only should one use so-called "colour-corrected" or orthochromatic plates, that is, plates which are made specially sensitive to these non-actinic colours, but further, there should be before or behind the lens a coloured screen, a film of gelatine or glass accurately stained to correspond with the plate used, which will keep back a proportion of the blue light, until the less active rays have had time to duly affect the plate. Such orthochromatic methods of photographing through screens are now in general practice, and the necessary coloured glasses are readily obtainable from any photographic store; any bit of stained yellow glass will not do, but will only cause trouble.

Do not develop the negative to full density; recollect that even white flowers are not dead white, but full of exquisite gradations and delicate pencilling throughout all their snowy petals, and these should be preserved by keeping even the highest lights in the negative moderately transparent. Orthochromatic plates and coloured screens will help towards this end, and a greatly-diluted developer with slow prolonged development should complete it.

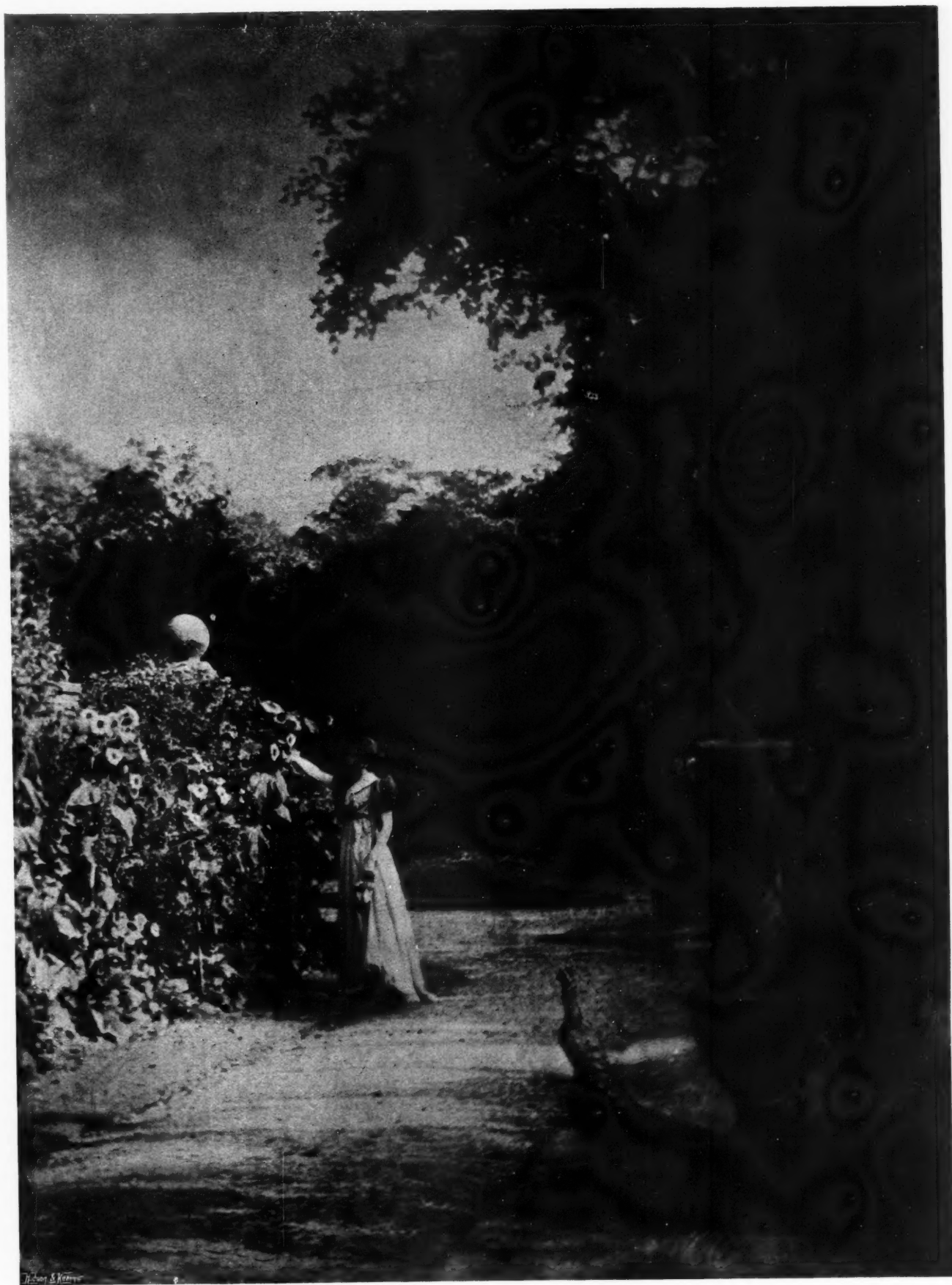
Are the flowers to be gathered, the grass plumes, the thistle heads, poppy capsules, and other quaintly decorative forms which early autumn furnishes? Are they to be depicted separately on white grounds as the examples here shown by Mrs. Cadby? If so, it will be well to make some simple arrangement so that the gathered flowers may be laid on a sheet of glass, a white paper being placed so far beneath the glass, say a foot or more, that no shadow is cast, and the camera fixed so as to photograph as nearly as possible vertically from above. If these are to be employed decoratively, as in the case of the doyleys mentioned, it is important that they should have a quite plain background.



Carine Cadby.

FOXGLOVES.

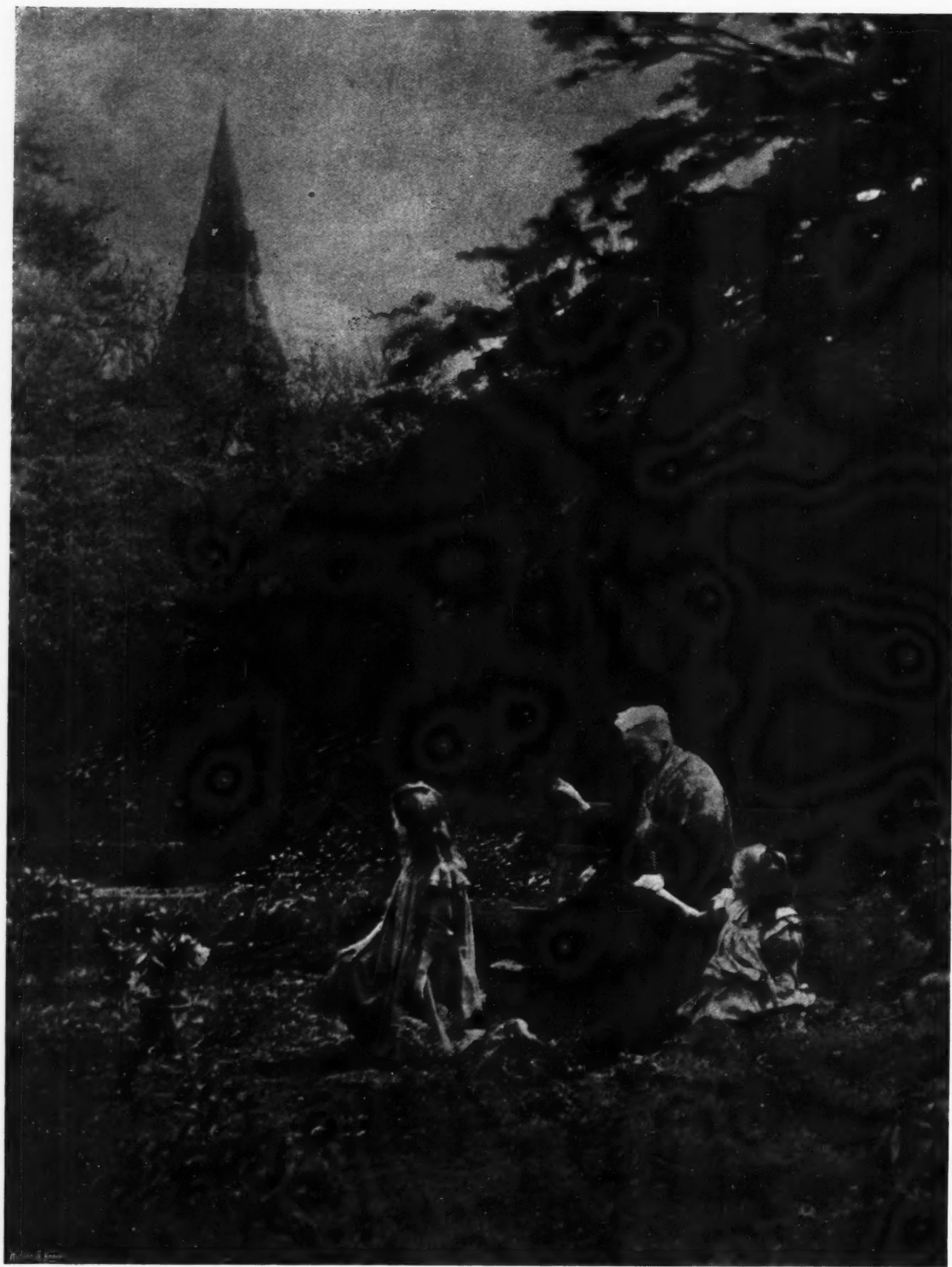
Copyright



A. Keighley.

"MY LADY'S GARDEN."

Copyright

*A. Keighley.**"THE PASSING HOUR."*

Copyright



Carine Cadby.

POPPIES.

Copyright

For printing on textile fabrics, as suggested, here is the prescription: Pour 20oz. of boiling water on 100gr. of ammonium chloride and 60gr. of Iceland moss, and when nearly cold filter it and immerse the material for 15 min. When dry, sensitise by immersion for 15 min. in a silver nitrate solution, 20gr. to 1oz. of water, and render just acid by a few drops of nitric acid. Dry the fabric in a dark place and print under a negative in the usual way, printing rather deeply. The print is then toned in an ordinary toning-bath, and fixed in a clean hypo-bath, or a combined toning and fixing bath may be used; finally wash thoroughly. The fabric may be prepared to receive the transfer of a carbon print quite easily, and then the design can be printed in any colour desired, but if this preparation of the fabric appear too troublesome, silk, linen, etc., may be procured ready for printing from several manufacturers of sensitised papers, such

as the "luna" paper, "mattos" paper, or platinotype.

No matter how careful or skilled one may be, errors in exposure, misjudgment in development, or perhaps circumstances over which the photographer has no control, will sometimes result in a negative which requires either intensification or reduction to bring it to that degree of density and contrast requisite for producing a good print. Once the necessary after process of reducing or intensifying is done, each print may be relied on to satisfy, so that the amount of time and trouble expended in such after process, if divided between say a dozen or twenty prints, is a hardly appreciable item. The usual method of intensifying with mercury bichloride, although at once effectual, should not be resorted to in the case of a negative of any particular value, as again and again one has had to regret the ultimate loss of a negative due to this treacherous process. The old uranium intensifier is safer and its use quite simple. The formula is as follows: Uranium nitrate $\frac{1}{4}$ oz., potassium ferricyanide $\frac{1}{4}$ oz., distilled water to make 20oz., glacial acetic acid 1oz. This solution must be kept in a bottle protected from light, only so much as is required for use being taken out. The negative must be covered with the solution and slightly rocked until the image has assumed a rich red-brown stain, when it must be washed in running water until the stain is removed from the shadows or more transparent parts, remaining, however, in the denser portions. Thus by this non-actinic stain the relative light-resisting power of the thinner and denser portions is increased and a print with stronger contrasts results.

But in the case of a negative possessing in the first place excessive density, perhaps the safest reducer is ammonium persulphate, a pinch of which in 10oz. of water will be about the right strength. Remember that the negative must have been thoroughly cleared of hyposulphite, and, moreover, if the plate has been dried, it should receive twenty minutes' soaking in water. The dissolved persulphate is then flowed over it and the dish rocked. Soon a cloudiness appears in the otherwise clear liquid, and instantly the plate should be removed and vigorously washed and then examined. The reason for this is that the action of the persulphate, when once started, proceeds at a very rapid rate, and continues some time after the plate has been removed, and after the washing water begins to expel the persulphate from the film, hence, if not removed in time, the continuing action may result in leaving the image too much reduced. If insufficient reduction has taken place, the operation can be repeated.

A. HORSLEY HINTON.

BLUSHING BIRDS.

EVERYONE who has kept and studied many kinds of birds must have noticed how very human they often are in their feelings and the manifestation thereof. Generally, however, birds have to depend on the sign-language of wings and tail for expressing their emotions, their features not being of the most mobile kind; and thus the significance of their gestures may be lost unless one is well acquainted with them. There are, however, a few species which approach us in that their faces change colour under the influence of the feeling of the moment—in other words, they blush. And these, as will be seen in the sequel, are always birds of character, presenting marked peculiarities in their habits. Just so, among ourselves, it is only the higher white races who can blush, for a dark brown skin is not adapted to the change of colour generally associated with that phenomenon. The blush,

among the manifestations of human emotions, is usually associated with the maiden's tremulous acceptance of the avowal of reciprocated love; but it is as well to remember that it also tinges the countenance of her austere male parent, who may not regard the proffered affection of her suitor with equal satisfaction. And so it is not surprising to find that the bird, "a sweet gushing child of Nature," works in the blush to express hatred and a number of other promiscuous feelings as well as conjugal affection. This is well seen in the most inveterate blusher among the birds, the common turkey-cock. Whether he be melted to tenderness by the sight of an attractive member of the opposite sex of his species, incensed by a rival, or stimulated to aggressive manoeuvres by the sight of some creature which appears weak enough to be bullied with safety, the result is very much the same. His livid blue complexion changes to a lively scarlet, the fleshy horn on his forehead droops down below his beak in horrid flabbiness, and his dewlap and its pendant beads enlarge magnificently. Sir Bubbly-jock can, indeed, thus claim to have the most expressive countenance found on any living creature, not even excepting his owner and consumer. For which of us, however irate or affectionate in mood, can enrich his expression by extending his nose down to his chest, or assuming a series of double chins? In fact, the plastic features of the farmyard bully are even more remarkable than his change of colour, though even in this respect he stands far ahead of everything else in feathers. Nature seems to look with a somewhat unkindly eye on these revelations of the turkey's soul, for the wild bird, who lives under her strict discipline, has a much smaller and less richly-beaded dewlap than the tame one.

So far as I am aware, the power of changing complexion has always been supposed to be confined to the turkey among birds of the game and poultry kind, but I have recently found it to be shared by another bird, no distant relative of the common barn-door fowl. Our gallant roosters, who are always proverbially ruddy, are descended from the Indian and Burmese red jungle-cock, a game little bird resembling a "black-breasted red" bantam, except in its larger size and less bumptious carriage—a wild bird who may have to bolt for his life at any moment cannot afford to swagger much. Now there are several other species of jungle-fowl in the East, and one of these, the green jungle-cock of Java and some other islands, almost rivals the turkey in his changeable countenance. His pretty comb, which, with its delicate shading of puce and sea-blue, looks like the petal of an orchid, is always the same, but his wattle—for he has only one—will expand like the turkey's, and when at full stretch shows a yellow patch where it joins the throat, as well as the sunset tints which it shares with the comb; and at the same time the face, which is often only flesh-coloured, blushes as red as any tame chanticleer's. I found, when I had a bird of this kind under observation, that at first he would always blush and let down his wattle when he was shown a looking-glass, in a most ridiculously human way. As with the turkey, any sort of emotion appeared to bring on the blush and expansion of dewlap in this bird, but his speaking countenance was wasted on a common bantam hen assigned him as a companion, for she never seemed to appreciate his devotion as she might have done. His dignified attitude of courtship, however, enabled me to see that the absurd pirouetting of the barnyard rooster before his chosen mate are simply a slurring over of the more stately and pheasant-like slanted posturings of the wild bird, whose mates probably exact more ceremony and attention from their partner.

It is rather a far cry ornithologically from the poultry kind to their hereditary foes, the birds of prey, but here also we find this human peculiarity of countenance, strangely out of place as it may seem. There is probably no worse rascal in feathers than the Caracara hawk or carrancha of South America, who exhibits the combined villainy of crow and kite, with a few touches of his own. Yet this bird's bare face, as may be seen at the Zoological Gardens, will change from pale yellow to bright pink and back again. What the emotion may be that causes the change I cannot say; it may be an uneasy conscience, for the cause of the change of colour does not seem so obvious in this



Carine Cadby. QUAKING GRASS. Copyright



M. Dixon.

MR. A. POLLOCK APPROACHING.

Copyright

species as in the more simple-minded birds of the gallinaceous tribes. To show what sort of mind the Caracara actually has, I may mention that a bird of this species kept in the Calcutta Zoological Gardens, next to a very greedy eagle, would habitually take any extra tit-bit he received quite

its foot, it bites off a piece of a leaf and lodges this in an indentation in the huge upper bill. It then again takes the nut into its mouth, where the bit of leaf keeps it from slipping, while the edge of the lower jaw is applied to the notch previously cut with such force as to fairly split off a piece of the shell.

Another large parrot constantly on view at the London Zoo also possesses the power of blushing; this is the green macaw, which, like the black cockatoo, has a flesh-coloured face. Macaws generally have bare faces, but the green is the only species which I have heard of as blushing; and, indeed, it must have more modesty in its nature than the rest to be contented with green as a garb in the place of the ferocious contrasts of primary colours which adorn its better-known blue and scarlet relatives.

ON THE GREEN

I THOUGHT Mr. Robert Maxwell must be a good player when he beat me for the amateur championship this year; and now I am quite sure of it. He has just won the autumn medal at St. Andrews in the lowest score that a medal ever has been taken with there—that is, 76, being a stroke less than the previous best of 77 done by Mr. Balfour Melville. That in itself is nothing. But what is a good deal, and



M. Dixon.

MR. J. E. LAIDLAY AT THE SIXTH HOLE.

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close to the partition, and eat it there in obvious enjoyment of the baffled gluttony of his neighbour, although he ran considerable personal risk in so doing. Indeed, he was ultimately moved further on and placed next door to a peaceful turkey-buzzard, lest his incurable malice should bring him to grief at the claws of outraged aquiline majesty.

Most people would look to the parrots for examples of the nearest possible approach to humanity among the birds, and it is interesting to find that among these also the phenomenon of blushing occurs. One species which exhibits it is the extraordinary great black cockatoo, a curious being with a portentous head and beak, and a puny body clad in plumage of a shabby black. Its face, unlike that of any other cockatoo, is quite bare and of a flesh colour like human skin. But when the bird is excited, either by pleasure or anger, it flushes red; at any rate, this has been observed in a captive specimen. In addition to this very human attribute, the great black cockatoo shows what looks uncommonly like reasoning power in its manner of obtaining its favourite dainty. This is the kernel of the extremely hard and smooth kanary-nut, which the bird negotiates in this way: First it takes the nut in its bill and files a notch in the shell with its lower jaw; then, transferring it to

has never been done before, is that he has won the Glennie medal three years in succession. This Glennie medal is given for the best aggregate scratch scores for the spring and autumn medals each year. The winning of it once may thus be thought to show a man not only good, but also a consistently



M. Dixon.

DR J. HUNTER-PATON BUNKERED.

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good player. But to win it, as Mr. Maxwell has now done, three years running, is to show a consistency in goodness that is almost like a copybook. It is abominable. Of course the opportunity of doing this does not happen to everyone. It can only be done by a man who has played for both spring and autumn medals of the Royal and Ancient three years successively. But there are a good many who play quite as often and never win at all. This year's meeting was the largest ever known, with over 150 entries; and this although a certain number of possible medal winners were away with the team that is just arriving back from America. It was singular by how many strokes Mr. Maxwell won the medal—by no less than four—the second being Mr. Edward Blackwell, at 80, whom, for reasons inscrutable to the Southerner, the Scottish selectors left out of their international team this year. And between Mr. Blackwell and the next there was an interval of two strokes. It was rather quaint that the three who had been in all the papers as doing good rounds on the days of the medal week preceding the great day itself, should have been just the three to come in together at 82 each for the medal, and for a while to lead the field. These were



M. Dixon. THE WINNER PUTTING AT THE THIRTEENTH HOLE. Copyright

medal given by King William IV. was the remarkably close finish of the competitors at Acton to see who should qualify among the Southern section of the professional golfers for the *News of the World* prize to be played for ultimately at Sunningdale. Taylor was first, at 140, for the two rounds, there were three equal seconds at only a stroke more, but what was yet more remarkable was that those who played off the tie for the sixteenth place were only five strokes on the two rounds behind Taylor's winning score. Jack White, in his second round, broke the record of the green with a 66, which, even allowing for the doubtless supreme excellence of his play, shows the course as a shortish one, as, to be sure, all the scores show it.

The Oxford and Cambridge Society's team comes home with all the honours. I believe it was beaten only once, just beaten, by a team specially selected from all America. That is a good showing. And another point that is very good, which I gather from the letter of the New York correspondent to our own *Golf*, is that the Americans seem to have been struck not only by the dash and freedom of our young men in hitting at the ball, but also by the jolly spirit of friendship and enjoyment in which they played the game. The American critics, in the light of the manner, apparently new to them, in which the Britons played, can even censure their own golfers for an excessive solemnity and over-strenuousness. Probably when overdone this even defeats its own object of playing the best possible golf, and certainly it must defeat what it is possible to regard as one of the purposes, at least, of the game—getting good fun out of it. It shows a generosity, as well as a justness, in their criticism that the Americans should be able to

appreciate this and to express it. Perhaps it is hardly to be hoped that it will lead those players in America who have established their own methods to be more light-hearted, but it may have that effect on some of the younger ones, who are more plastic still. But is it not rather a curious reflection that the "old golfer," if that time-worn type still survives, who laments that the game has lost its "solemnity,"



M. Dixon. THE HON. W. F. NORTH AT THE FIRST TEE. Copyright

Mr. Laidlay, Mr. Fowler, and Mr. C. K. Hutchison. I expect the later players had an easier time of it than the early starters, for it rained in the morning. Rain at St. Andrews makes greens easy after it has fallen, but it makes players just as wet and uncomfortable and club handles just as slippery at St. Andrews as anywhere else while it is falling.

The weather, however, is one of the things which cannot be controlled, and adds greatly to the glorious uncertainty of the Royal and Ancient game as to all outdoor sports. It is, of course, a little hard on those who are the sufferers, but in all human probability their turn will come next. If the element of chance could be eliminated from any game it is quite certain that particular form of amusement would not have half the number of supporters it at present enjoys. Such a game would be enjoyable only when two players of absolutely equal skill were matched against one another, and there would be no excitement in a game between the champion and a player very little his superior, although the labours of the handicapper would be very much lightened. Fortunately, however, there is no risk of such a catastrophe befalling golf, the uncertainty of the game is ensured even if we leave the weather out of the question.

In striking contrast to the big gaps between the leading amateurs at St. Andrews for this



M. Dixon. MR. ROBERT MAXWELL DRIVING. Copyright

should find that dread quality in it revived by the Americans—the youngest of golfing nations? The only American golfer that I ever saw over here in any of our big competitions was from Baltimore. I forget his name—we called him the Baltimore oriole. He played in an amateur championship at Sandwich some years ago, when poor Mr. Freddie Tait won. He did not seem to take the game seriously at all, even when he was beaten in the first round by Mr. Charles Hutchings by nine up and eight to play, or some such enormous amount—quite enough to make most men serious.

The right way, as it seems to me, to play golf and to enjoy it, is to be very serious and concentrated at the moment of the stroke, but to take a little relaxation between strokes, even, if not too much to ask, to make a joke.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

HOP-PICKING IN KENT.

HOPS are used to make beer. So, at least, one likes to suppose, but it is only, one fears, in the best brands that any vestige of the plant is to be found. Hops are cultivated chiefly in Kent. The picking begins about the first week in September, and for days beforehand the roads leading eastward out of London, as well as the hoppers' trains, are crammed with all sorts and conditions of men. Women and children are employed as well, and few scenes are more picturesque than a hop-garden when picking is in full swing. The hops are trained on poles, which stand in groups about 6ft. apart, and 3,600, costing about £75, go to an acre. The picking process is as follows: The "bin-man" cuts the bine near the roots, hooks it up, pole and all, and lays it across the picker's basket. Away goes a swift hand up it, plucking the berries into the basket, and avoiding the leaves till it gets near the top of the pole, when with one stroke it rubs off all that remain. The pole is then thrown aside, just as the bin-man, who has served eight or nine poles in the interval, drops another across the basket. In East Kent the poles are left in the ground, and the bin-man merely hooks the bine off at the top of the pole and lays it at the picker's feet.

The fact that pickers are paid by results gives rise to a functionary whose business it is to keep count of how much each person picks. He is called the "tally-man," and wears round his waist a row of sticks which look like the apron of a South Sea Islander, and are known as "tallies." One is carried for each group of pickers, and twice a day the tally-man comes round and "takes the tally," as it is called, notching on their tally how much each group has picked. The measuring is done by means of large baskets marked in bushels, into which the hops are poured. While the pouring is in progress, the bin-man puts his arms and shoulders into the big basket, and so



A. M. Groome.

FROM THE EAST.

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A. M. Groome. TWO VETERAN HOP-PICKERS. Copyright

causes the hops to fall lightly and make a bigger show than they otherwise would. This is a very old custom, and is winked at even in these hard times. When picked, the hops are put up in sacks or "pokes," and taken to the oast-house, where, for ten hours or more, they are dried on horsehair floors under which are huge furnaces. They are then laid aside to cool, and finally put up in sealed packets ready for the buyer.

Hop-growing is a terribly precarious business. In early summer, when the plant grows fast, fleas threaten it. Later on, when the bunches are full, green flies may settle, and in a single night turn leaf and berry black. Red spiders and otter-moths in the course of a day may practically destroy the whole crop, and, finally, mould may eat up every bit of berry the very day before the hops were to have been picked. Safety from these pests is sought in chemical washings, but too often without success. The difficulty is that here, as often, one man's meat is another man's poison. What, for instance, will kill green fly is utterly harmless to red spider. For the former a wash of soft soap and quassia is used. In dealing with the latter a solution of soft soap and paraffin is found to give the best results. The wash is applied in the form of spray, and great care has to be taken that every branch, leaf, and berry is thoroughly dosed. In the case of red spiders, which are protected by their webs, the spraying has to be done with exceptional force, and for this purpose a steam-engine, which drives the solution along pipes laid between the rows, is often used. For ordinary work a horse engine is sufficient, and even engines worked by hand are sometimes seen.

Perhaps of all enemies to a good crop the one most feared is mould. The only remedy is sulphur, applied in the form of powder distributed by a machine drawn between the rows. In the machine the sulphur is fed through a tube into a blast-pipe, whence it is driven by a fan actuated by the travelling wheels, and falls as a dense, wide-spreading cloud upon the hops. The sulphuring first takes place early in July; it is repeated four weeks later, and, if there is any indication of the presence of the dreaded scourge, it is done a third and even a fourth time.

In spite, however, of all these precautions, the dangers to the plant are so numerous that the average is one good crop to two bad ones; but the good one, if really good, will leave a profit on the three.

During the present year, although the local proverb is that fruit and hops never fail together, there is little except failure to chronicle in connection with the crop. It is true that, by one of the accidents not infrequent in a season of storms, a holding here and there has escaped devastation, but the gross return threatens to be very much below the average. Until the end of

July optimists clung to the belief that the latter half of the season would be better than the former, especially as the vines had made a splendid growth; but the result did not justify these cheering prognostications. More thunder and more rain came at the most critical moment, and completed the damage that had already been done. On the whole, the season bids fair to achieve the distinction of having absolutely beaten the record, by producing the worst results that have ever been chronicled. We refer particularly to the county of Kent, but though it is the largest, it is by no means the only hop-growing district in England. From the others more encouraging reports have been arriving, so that the total return for the United Kingdom may perhaps not come out quite so badly after all. In a disastrous year, therefore, the hop-grower is not likely to escape the fate of his neighbours.

RACING NOTES.

A DULL day's racing at Newmarket on Tuesday of last week wound up with a fiasco, which would have been amusing had it not been for the disappointment of those who backed Goldrush in the Visitors' Plate. The horses broke through the tapes, the man with the advanced flag left the signal to recall them until it was too late, and an excellent race resulted in Goldrush, Mimicry, and La Uruguay occupying the three leading places. The race was declared null and void, and the majority of the field returned to the post, when a similar accident occurred, and three of the field, including the first and second in the first heat, again travelled the whole distance. The starter dispensed with the gate for the third attempt, when Goldrush evidently felt the strain of his two journeys, as he died away to nothing in the latter part of the final

journey, and the aged Fosco won, running down his younger opponents, Mug and La Uruguay being his nearest attendants. Perhaps now that Fosco has had the luck to win a minor handicap he may be allowed the rest he has

so well earned, as it is somewhat unedifying to see a horse who in his prime was almost invincible over short courses, sent to struggle, late in life, with a bad horse's weight in minor handicaps.

The brother to William Rufus, Henry the First, added £2,000 to his owner's (Mr. Musker's) winning account by taking the Boscawen Stakes, after a good race with Islesman, on Wednesday, having cantered away with the Buckenham Stakes on the previous day. The Triennial Produce Stakes and the Beaufort Plate were won by Love Charm and Joshua from opponents of poor quality and very limited quantity. The Great Eastern Railway Handicap, which I recollect seeing Fosco win, carrying top weight, five years ago, brought out a field of twelve, and, all the best horses having declined the contest, Chacornac was good enough to justify his position as favourite, as he stayed on to the end of the six furlongs, when he was being rapidly overhauled by Salute and Ballantrae. There was little merit in the performance, as he only carried 7st. 13lb., considering that he once bore the character of a champion over short courses.

On Thursday the great meeting between Sceptre and Rock Sand, which had aroused so much anticipatory interest and discussion, came off before a fairly numerous company. Backers of the Derby-winner must have been somewhat discomfited by the notice posted early in the day announcing that he carried 8st. 13lb. instead of 8st. 10lb., as printed on the card, he being entitled only to 6lb. breeding allowance instead of the 9lb. claimed. Three other animals—Cappa White, William Rufus, and Cheers—turned out to compete for the place money, but the race was regarded as virtually a

match between the pair. Cappa White was indulged with the lead up to the Bushes, when Sceptre came to the front, and, although Rock Sand made a gallant effort to overhaul her, the mare's commanding stride nullified his efforts, and she sailed in an easy winner by four lengths, the little horse



Groome. *MOTHER & DAUGHTER.* Copyright



C. F. Grindrod,

PICKING THE LAST HOPS.

Copyright

being eased when his rider realised that pursuit was hopeless. Apathetic Newmarket rose to the occasion, and the victory of the popular favourite was received with a demonstration such as I have never witnessed at headquarters. The public, as has often been remarked, dearly love a good horse, and they recognise in Sceptre, if not the greatest mare of all time, certainly the best of her sex this generation has seen. One could not but regret the absence of her gallant owner, Mr. Bass, who is with his regiment in India. Sceptre seems to be in a fair way to recoup the large sum paid for her by her plucky purchaser, but it is impossible to measure by any sordid pecuniary standard the gratification of owning such an equine heroine, and when she finally leaves the race-course for the stud there is no saying what the results may be. The purchase of a race-horse is always a speculation, but this seems likely to be a profitable one.

The rest of the racing seemed tame in comparison, but the handicapper had a minor triumph in the Thursday Nursery, won by Don Paez, when four heads separated the first five, and the tradition that a good old horse would always beat a two year old at weight for age was falsified by the appropriately-named Extradition, who defeated Orchid in the Snailwell Stakes in startlingly easy fashion.

Few stayed for Friday, when we had a fairly good day's racing. The Newmarket October Handicap brought eight Cesarewitch candidates to the post, but the chances of all of them, except the winner, Gourgaud, of winning the big race must be hopeless. Happy Slave, who was second, and who would have won with a stronger jockey, is in the Cambridgeshire and Duke of York Stakes, and may have to be reckoned with.

The appearance of St. Amant in the Rous Memorial Stakes gave a tone to the day's proceedings, and he won with something in hand; but as Leucadia was the best of his opponents, he did nothing to enhance his reputation.

Big fields characterised the day's racing at Hurst Park on Saturday. The management has had the doubtful taste to introduce a rich six-furlong handicap, which certainly lessened the field for the Great Eastern Railway Handicap, and must have the same effect on the old-established Richmond Plate at Kempton. Speculator, who was just behind Chacornac in the Portland Plate at Doncaster, won as "the book" indicated he ought to. The remaining races were of slight importance.

Sceptre's victory must somewhat discount the interest of the Duke of York Stakes on Saturday, as, provided she escapes the usual scrimmage at the corner, the race seems at her mercy, since she carries no penalty. Nothing in the Imperial Produce Stakes of £3,000 for two year olds, run on Friday, seems to have any pretensions to lower the colours of St. Amant, Lancashire, and Orienta. Both St. Amant and Orienta are penalised 10lb., but the latter's penalty is neutralised by a 10lb. breeding allowance. The race has never yet been won by a youngster carrying the maximum weight, and I do not look on St. Amant as a likely animal to make a record. It must be a near thing between the other pair, but I think the filly the more likely to score.

The Cesarewitch seems a very open race, in spite of the recent discomfiture of several prominent candidates. Zinfandel remains favourite as I write, but he has yet to prove his ability to carry a weight which will stamp him as a colt of the first class, although the moderate calibre of the older horses is in his favour. I also doubt his ability to give away the weight to such animals of his own age as Firmilian and Kano. Grey Tick, Prince Florizel, Coal Sack, and Wavelet's Pride can all get the course, and any one of them may be equal to defeating Zinfandel, who, in my opinion, is far more likely to win the Cambridgeshire. The Prendergast Stakes next week looks a good thing for Huntley, and the Middle Park Plate a still greater certainty for Pretty Polly. Sceptre is hardly likely to compete for the Champion Stakes, and, in her absence, Quintessence has little to fear from Kroonstad, who would be her most formidable opponent, unless she be reserved for a yet easier task in the Newmarket Oaks.

I am glad to record the tardy recognition of Sir Blundell Maple's claims to membership of the Jockey Club. The omission to elect the most liberal supporter of the Turf of the present day has long been a topic of general comment, and its rectification will be received with general approval.

KAPPA.

SHADOW LANDS.

I WANDERED into the Land of Dreams
Through the ivory gate past crystal streams,
Where the purple poppies glow;
The dreamy petals fell one by one,
Till glittering threads of the morning sun
Drew me back, and the night was done,
Back from the Land of Dreams.

I wandered into the Land of Sleep,
Where weeping angels their vigils keep,
In meadows of asphodel.
Weary my footsteps and strange the way,
My heart grew faint 'mid the shadows grey,
Till a human hand led me back one day,
Back from the Land of Sleep.

I wandered into the Land of Love,
Led by the gleam of a silver dove,
Where the red, red roses blow.
I plucked a rose, and I thought 'twould rest,
Through the golden years upon my breast,
But it faded—and then?—'Tis you know best;
Ah me! for the Land of Love.

BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF.

HUNTING NOTES.

THE stag-hunting season draws rapidly to a close, but we have nothing but satisfaction in the retrospect. More than thirty stags, all, with perhaps one exception, warrantable, and most of them very heavy deer with fine heads, have been accounted for. It is rather hard on Mr. Amory that an outbreak of dysentery should have deprived him of a week's sport at this time. This scourge is well known to Indian Masters of Hounds, though I was fortunate enough to escape it for two seasons. Yet in one pack with which I was connected it made its appearance rather frequently. Ipecacuanha powder was our specific, and it was very successful in effecting cures. The report about the Mastership is that Mr. Sanders would not be unwilling to go on if he could find a joint Master willing to take part of the work off his shoulders. Hind-hunting in the winter, though excellent sport, is very hard work. A hind will run further than a stag, and stand up much longer before hounds, and the very goodness of the runs makes the work hard, for the distances at night are often very long and weary for the returning pack and their attendants. In addition to this, the climate of Exmoor in the winter is often severe and trying. Then the wear and tear of hounds and horses is considerable, and apart from casualties the working life of a staghound is shorter even than that of a foxhound. Thus there is both expense and anxiety in keeping up a pack. It is always said on Exmoor, by the way, that when hind-hunting once begins the stags no longer trouble themselves about hounds, and certainly the calm way they trot about there looks very much like it. How they can possibly know that the men and hounds who have been hunting them for two or three months past have suddenly decided to transfer their attentions to the hinds is a question beyond the wisdom of man.

Certainly scent is a strange puzzle. Why hounds should have been able to run nearly every day they were out in the Quorn and Cottesmore countries through the first weeks of September, and then be unable to hunt a yard as the month came to a close, is a thing no one can account for. Mr. Fernie's country, usually carrying a great scent on its old turf, has scarcely had a really serving scent as yet. All the Thursday country, so far as it is yet tried, has given no great sport. I am inclined to think that hounds never ran better than on the day they were taken by invitation into Mr. Fitzwilliam's woods and found one of Mr. O'Brien's stout litters at Blatherwycke. It is only occasionally of late years that I can manage to see the Belvoir. Yet the wonderful standard of excellence which the pack has reached and sustained makes every lover of hounds desire to see these hounds at work. The pack is, as everyone knows, unrivalled for good looks. It is not merely the beauty of the hounds, though they are handsome enough and as full of quality as a thorough-bred horse, but their bone and substance and a certain look of determination, marking resolute and persevering workers, which are so remarkable. We have only to think of what we have seen at puppy shows and out cub-hunting with other packs to realise this. Belvoir-bred are most of the winning puppies; such sires as Stormer, Dasher, Villager, and Vampire are credited with a whole list of cups won by their descendants, but several promising puppies, in very different countries, have been pointed out to me as working well and hard to kill their fox. The Belvoir-bred hound is always rather bloodthirsty. Surely, too, they have plenty of music; no one could doubt that who heard them when they roused some three brace of stout cubs in Bescoby Oaks last week. This covert has rung with the cry of hounds as long as fox-hunting has been in existence. It is often the first draw after a meet at Croxton Park. Generally, one sees and hears Bescoby drawn as one of a crowd, but in the early stillness of a close morning in September there were but few, and we had plenty of time and room to watch the famous hounds. Surely no other pack has quite such drive; no hounds are so quick to come away on the line. True there was a working scent, but for the most part they held the line, puppies and old hounds alike, and a sturdy cub scarcely had a moment's rest from the find near Waltham till he was pulled down a fairly beaten fox at last.

It is with a pack of hounds largely bred from Belvoir sources that Lord Huntingdon is beginning his season in North Staffordshire. The Duke of Sutherland has left an admirable pack, and Lord Huntingdon has handled them well in some of the big coverts that the North Staffordshire affords. They have plenty of fine scenting woods as nurseries of foxes and training ground for hounds. The North Staffordshire people are very keen, and I should doubt if any Hunt has had larger fields during cub-hunting. The cub-hunting season is a great time for many busy men, and I often see professional and business men out in the mornings. Then they can afford the time, since the rest of the day is free for business.

The Pytchley hounds are or were at Boughton, cub-hunting in the Duke of Buccleuch's woodlands, and it is satisfactory to hear that there is less wire in the country this year than ever before. But with whatever disadvantages, hunting in grass countries will continue to attract, for there is nothing else like it. I do not say there is nothing as good, but that it is a sport by itself. The hounds, indeed, are the same, but the nature of scent in front of hounds and the crowd behind them, make it necessary to handle them in an entirely different manner. The methods of a grass-country huntsman may seem strange and unorthodox to the man who comes from plough or woodland, but they are right. The methods are not the ignoring of the science of hunting, but its intelligent adaptation, for curiously enough no man has ever risen to the top of his profession as a huntsman who has not served an apprenticeship in rougher countries, and to this, I believe, there is no exception.

I spent a few days a short time ago in the New Forest, to see ponies in the first instance, and I hear complaints about the subtle destruction of this great playground for all classes. The present grievance is the enclosed fir plantations, which spoil sport and scenery, besides depriving the forest ponies of some of their favourite winter shelters. Great efforts are being made to improve these ponies, with a view to keeping for the nation this valuable breed, so useful as foundation-stock for troop horses, polo ponies, and hunters. The reader need not smile at the last statement, for I believe that the blood of our native breeds flows in the veins of most of the light horses in England, and gives them intelligence, stamina, and hardihood. Exmoor, Dartmoor, and New Forest blood is the corrective against the failings of the thorough-bred.

Talking of our breeds of horses, I hope the election of Mr. Horsfall, one of the chief breeders of Cleveland Bays, to be Master of the Bilsdale will draw attention to a somewhat neglected race which, when crossed with thorough-bred blood, has produced some excellent Yorkshire hunters. These are only equalled by Irish horses.

To return to hunting topics. Lord Lonsdale is to be with us again this season; Mr. and Mrs. Asquith have taken a house at Oakham; Mr. and Mrs. Allfrey have rented Ashby Folville Manor; Lady Gerard has taken Somerby Grove, Mr. Laycock the Manor. Two well-known figures are hunting hounds in other countries—Mr. Isaac Bell from Kirby Hall, who has gone to the Galway Blazers, and W. Leefe, the late first whipper-in to the Pytchley, who is hunting Lord Middleton's hounds in Yorkshire. X.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PONY BREEDING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A point that our breeders of ponies—by which I mean chiefly those who are interested in the very good work of improving the breed of our local ponies, such as the Welsh, the New Forest, and so on—are a little in danger of missing is that there are two classes of employers, or owners, for whom the pony-breeding caters. There is the better class, the class that wants more quality than most of the local breeds of ponies have, and that practically wants them crossed with the thorough-bred. That, at least, is the only feasible way, in all probability, of supplying their wishes. But, on the other hand, there is another class that equally requires ponies, although, of course, it cannot afford to pay the same price for them. This is the poor man who wants a drudge, and a cheap and a handy drudge. For his purposes quality is really a drawback. Quality means that its possessor has to be well cared for and stabled. This is not what the poor man wants. He wants a beast that will lie out, do fairly well on grass, and work for him at a slow pace, and without any show. I hope you will let me have the pleasure of saying this publicly in your columns, because there seems to me to be just the danger of our pony-breeders, in their excellent endeavours, overlooking the point that there are these two distinct classes to cater for. I am all in favour of getting the better sort as good as we possibly can; but it should not be forgotten that there is a distinct demand for the very inferior class—much more demand, probably, than for anything between the two extremes.—R. G. H.

CATS AS FOSTER-MOTHERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps you may consider the following curious instances of the strength of the nursing instinct sufficiently interesting to publish. In consequence of too numerous a family, some of the members of a fox-terrier's litter were sentenced to death; but one little puppy was saved by the intervention of a young lady, who said she would try and rear it. No feeding-bottle could be got small enough for the canine baby, so, as a last resource, a cat, who had just presented the household with an interesting family of five kittens, was requisitioned. Four of the kittens were disposed of, and one left to keep the puppy company. Old Mother Tabby took to the stranger at once—so much so, indeed, that it was thought advisable to remove the surviving kitten, the cat being perfectly satisfied to devote all her care and love to the interloper. The foster-mother is apparently just as fond of him as if he was of her own flesh and blood. It would be interesting to note if the youngster grows up with any feline proclivities. I have heard of another remarkable case of fostering, in which a cat also took the principal part. Some mischance happened to a setting of duck eggs, only one being saved out of the clutch. As the young birds were just due at the time of the accident, someone, for a joke, slipped the 'salvaged egg under a cat which was the happy parent of a young brood of kittens. The egg hatched out alright, and pussy seemed to see nothing remarkable about her two-legged "kitten," purring as affectionately over it as if it were the loveliest tabby in



the world. The duckling, too, was evidently well pleased with its comfortable quarters, and plenty of food being provided for it, it thrived apace. After a little time it used to accompany its strange foster-mother about the farmyard, and great was the consternation of the latter when one day, on approaching the duck-pond, her feathered "kitten" darted into the water and began dabbling about in the most delighted fashion, the poor cat running round, mewing piteously, until the truant, having had enough of the watery element, thought well of returning to *terra firma*. When the duckling came to maturity it still stuck as closely as possible to the furry friends of its early days, and on a sunny day might be seen lying basking in the warmth with the cats.—T. S. B.

STRANGE POSITION FOR ROOK'S NEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph of a rook's nest built in a peculiar position on a chimney-stack of this castle last spring. As can be seen, the nest is built between the chimney-pots, and not, like a jackdaw's, down in the chimney. It is a strange position for it, particularly as large trees are numerous round the castle, and contain a rookery. Three or four years ago several pairs of rooks started building on other chimney-stacks, but owing to the filthy state they made of the gutters on the roof, they had to be prevented doing so with the help of stuffed catskins.—WALTER FITZGERALD, Kilkea Castle.



CLEANING LEAD FIGURES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I have some lead figures standing in a garden which have at some time been painted, and in places covered with stucco. I am most anxious to remove this covering, and should be much obliged if any of your readers can tell me how this can be done without injury to the somewhat delicate details of the figures.—S. S.

A QUEER WAGER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Many years ago one man bet another that he could not move an ordinary brick tied to the end of a cord two or three miles long, I forget which. A straight and level road just outside Chichester was selected for the trial; the brick was not moved, and the man lost his bet for a large amount. It was stated by someone present that the brick, although weighing only about 7lb., would, from a distance of two or three miles, represent a dead weight of nearly a ton. I, and probably other of your readers, would be glad to have this explained.—A. W. OAKWOOD.

FOOD FOR POULTRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am much pleased with your article in COUNTRY LIFE in re "Food for Poultry," and would feel much obliged if you would let me know whether the fowls are fed all the year on the foods commented on, and if so, how often in the day and what quantity to each fowl is sufficient.—E. J. G.

[The quantity will vary with the amount of green stuff available. It is a mistake to stick to a fixed ration.—ED.]

CLOUDSCAPES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send a photograph taken shortly before the storm of September 10th from the Headland Hotel, Newquay.—H. MILNER-WHITE.

CONIFERÆ NOT SELF-SEEDING IN GREAT BRITAIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to your correspondent "F. L."—although I cannot answer his query or give any explanation—I should like to state the following fact, which perhaps may assist him to a solution of it. I have a fine collection of conifers and other trees about the grounds and park, and, in order to give them more room, some years ago I cut down and grubbed up a quantity of shrubs and laurels, as well as a few unimportant trees, afterwards raking over the soil and throwing common grass seeds upon it. On all the patches of ground thus treated I have since found every year a quantity of seedlings of *Cryptomeria Lobbi*, *japonica*, *elegans*; spruce, Scotch, and larch fir; Irish yew, Douglas fir (or pine), redwood tree, cork tree, as well as the commoner trees of the country. These seedlings grow extremely well, and I now gather them into a nursery for future use. None of these will, however, seed where the ground has not been disturbed. Can it be that in this island the

top crust of vegetation (if I may call it so), whether grass, heather, or other growth, is of greater density and depth than that of the Continent, and thus prevents seeds from taking root except where the surface has been disturbed or cleared?—H. ST. MAUR.

THE COWRIE SHELL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Though I cannot enlighten your correspondent about the life-history of a cowrie, it may interest him to know that I once found a shell with the live snail inside it. This was some fifteen years ago, on the rocks at Falmouth, where one could then often pick up scores of empty shells when walking on the beach. I have also found them, though in small numbers, on the Northumberland coast, and also in the sandy bays among the rocky cliffs of north-west Sutherlandshire. It would be most interesting to know if the live snail is often found in the shell, and something of its life-history.—H. F. B.

AN EARLY BOOK-PLATE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—By the statement, "The Calleys of Burdrop were connected with my mother's family: she was a Legh of Lyme Park, Cheshire," your correspondent has puzzled my genealogical sense. I quote so much of the Legh descent as is pertinent to the question:

Richard Legh of Lyme = Elizabeth Chik'ey

Thomas Legh = Elizabeth Fleetwood Peter Legh of Lyme, d. s. p.
Peter Legh, succ. uncle at Lyme = Martha Benet Ashburnham Legh = Charlotte Egerton
Elizabeth Legh = Anthony Keck Thomas Legh, succ. uncle at Lyme, d. 1797.
Elizabeth Keck = Thomas Calley

Mrs. Calley was first cousin in the second degree to Thomas Legh of Lyme who died in 1797, but, as that gentleman was the last legitimate Legh of Lyme and never married, it is difficult to understand on what basis can be founded relationship between Thomas Calley's wife and the Dalzells, none of whom intermarried with Leghs prior to the death of the last legitimate representative of that family at Lyme. If your correspondent can explain the Dalzell-Calley-Legh connection clearer than is apparent in the above pedigree extract, the information will be valued by genealogists, and I would request that the details be accompanied by data concerning the "difference" manifest in the tricked "Robert Dalzell" plate—which smacks of more recent heraldry than was usual more than a century and a-half backward—the Dalzell blazon in every reference of my acquaintance being a naked man with arms extended.—A RAMPANT LION.

HOW TO GET RID OF RAGWORT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have two fields infested with ragwort. I have carefully pulled up all the flowering heads this autumn. Will this kill the plants, or will the remaining portions of roots grow again next year? Or what can be done to eradicate it?—A. W.

[Leave the plants alone, and during next winter and spring turn on a



flock of sheep. The roots begin to bulge and swell early in spring before shooting out, and at this stage are much relished by sheep. The animals will eat them out, scooping out the tops below the ground level, and the frosty nights will do the rest. We, of course, assume you refer to the ragwort *Senecio Jacobaea*.—ED.]

A CURIOUS PLANT

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Africa is the home of many strange flowers, but of none much more curious than that which is shown in the accompanying photograph. Nature seems to have taken as her model a crested crane in producing this flower.

the *Strelitzia Reginae*, and has copied accurately the long neck and beak of the bird, with its crown of fantastically arranged feathers, like the head-dress of an Indian brave. The plant was introduced into England from the Cape in the year 1773, and received its name from Sir Joseph Banks, in honour of Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Queen of George III. In colour the crest is bright orange, with a blue petal interspersed here and there, and the plant while growing has a most curious and bizarre effect among the other inhabitants of the conservatory.

It increases very slowly, which, perhaps, is the reason why it is so seldom seen, for there seems to be no great difficulty, when once a plant is well established, in inducing it to blossom, and the same root throws up several flower spikes in the year. The photograph was taken from a specimen that bloomed this summer in the conservatory of Mr. J. Charlton Parr, at Staunton Park in Herefordshire.—S. CORNISH WATKINS.



NUREMBERG'S BRIDGES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Encouraged by seeing your beautiful reproduction of the red roofs of

old Nuremberg, I enclose another photograph which you may consider worthy of a place in your pages. The fortifications of Nuremberg date from the Middle Ages, and, owing to their completeness, are considered by many experts to be one of the most interesting features of the town. Although in a few places they have unfortunately been removed to make way for modern buildings, the expansion of the city has taken place almost entirely without the walls, so that we have a rampart encircling the old town, and cutting it off to a great extent from the newer suburbs and extra mural growth of buildings. The ramparts are roofed with red tiles, and are provided at intervals with round or square towers of a date contemporary with the walls. The four round towers at Neue, Spettler, Frauen, and Lanfer gates were built in the middle of the sixteenth century. Of the bridges of Nuremberg that built on the lines of the Ponte Rialto at Venice is the most interesting, but for picturesqueness the old hangman's foot-bridge bears the palm. Near it are relics of the earlier fortifications of the thirteenth century. The river which it spans divides the old town into two nearly equal parts, the Laurence and the Sebald sides. The latter is the older and more interesting portion of the town, containing the splendid church of St. Sebaldus, originally a Romanesque structure of the eleventh century, restored at the beginning of the thirteenth century, beautified by the addition of a Gothic choir in the fourteenth century, and completed in the fifteenth century. It is now undergoing restoration under the direction of Herr Hauberrisser, and we of Nuremberg shall be glad when the scaffolding is removed and we see the fine effect as if fresh from the hands of the architects of the Middle Ages.—L. O.

A TAME BUCK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The buck of which I send a photograph is one of a herd of about a hundred, and in the winter, four years ago, my sister gradually tamed it. It was then full grown. It will now trot out from among the others when called by name and follow her anywhere, or let her lead it about by the horn.—BERTHA M. HARDY.